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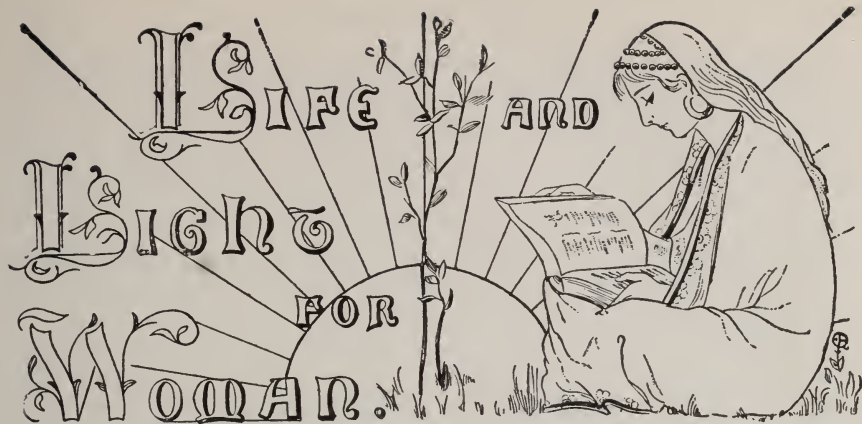


AHMEDNAGAR GIRLS' SCHOOL.



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VOL. XXVI.

APRIL, 1896.

No. 4.

Expect Great Things from God. Attempt Great Things for God.

THE COMING OF THE KING.

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.

O make ready for the King,
And prepare your offering;
For His coming, swiftly dawning,
Breaks around us like the morning,
And our eyes may catch the grace
Of the glory of His face,
Bringing light unto the world.

In the pathway of the King
All the world is wakening;
Like a wind among the mountains,
Like a breaking forth of fountains,
Sweeps a tide—the Holy Breath—
O'er a thousand fields of death
Bringing life unto the world.

In the temples of the King
Stood His daughters worshipping;
But each heart the summons heareth,
“Child, come forth! thy Lord appeareth!”
And their robes of vestal white
Grow more lustrous with the light
They are bearing to the world.

Alleluia! Christ is King!
Wide His palace portals fling!
Forth in fair procession flowing
Come the royal daughters, going
Where the King himself may send
Love and life that hath no end
Through a woman to the world.

—From *The Silver Cross*.

The most fitting Easter celebration is found when dead souls come forth from the tomb of sin and darkness, and follow Him who is the resurrection and the life. Of such Easter joy Miss Newton, of Foochow, writes as follows:—

A PENTECOST of blessing is upon us, more than we know how to receive. Nearly fifty were received to our churches at the last communion—and all through one of our most barren and hopeless fields the chapels are crowded to overflowing. Deputations come from villages asking for preachers to be sent to them, sometimes offering to contribute freely to their support. Men of position and means are identifying themselves with us. It is a tidal wave, and we know the reaction will come, but oh! that we may know how to improve the opportunity, and gather in the souls that are waiting to be taught! History is being made so fast in China now, that there is not time to record it, and we know not what a day may bring forth. We are poorly prepared with either foreign or native workers for this crisis, but God will not let his work be hindered.

LETTERS from all the mission fields of the American Board furnish sad reading matter now-a-days, since the retrenchments that have been necessary for several years have culminated in the severest one of all,—reducing the salaries of the missionaries ten per cent, and very largely curtailing the work. The missionaries have been attempting for several years to sustain the imperiled work by contributions from their own small salaries, but this consolation is now denied them. While this reduction does not apply to the work or the salaries of the missionaries supported by the Woman's Board, yet the interests are so identical that the work of one cannot be crippled without the effect being disastrous to the other.

WE trust that the letter recently sent to the constituency of the Woman's Board of Missions by the Executive Committee has been carefully considered by the Branch Officers and Auxiliaries. If, in any case, this has not been done, we earnestly recommend that attention be given to it at as early a day as possible. At this date we repeat all its suggestions, and with increased emphasis. If the new member is not secured by April 1st, do not relax your exertion. The pledge to earnest effort for increased membership is always in place. By this means we secure the interest of the women of our churches, and this fills the treasury and strengthens the work at every point, both at home and abroad.

THE voices of the world are on a minor key; the dominant note in the experience and history of the world is a wail; and Christ came that he might by his tidings from above, change that wail into victorious music, to which the race should march to the millennium.—*Dr. R. H. Storrs.*

THE greatly increased attendance at the Friday morning prayer meeting has made it necessary to enlarge the place of its habitation. On the first Friday in March it was transferred from the rooms of the Woman's Board to Pilgrim Hall, and the purer air and the increased comfort have already proved the wisdom of the change.

A letter from Miss Child, written from Ahmednagar, will be found upon another page, but we can readily see how she longs to tell us of her delightful glimpses of the work in so many other places. She writes:—

It is very tantalizing to send an article for *LIFE AND LIGHT* without even mentioning other interesting work. I should like to tell of our visit to the morning class in the Bible woman's training school, when fifteen or twenty women were writing at dictation by the teacher, who was giving various opinions and authorities on a passage in Kings; of my visits with Miss Emily Bissell with two of the women among the lower castes, when we sat on the ground appallingly near to unalloyed heathenism. I should like to describe an afternoon with Mrs. Smith and Miss Stockbridge, calling in some Brahmin and high-caste houses; the bejeweled women with their hard, vacant faces; and one in particular who, with great pride, showed her proficiency by reading the story of George Washington and the cherry tree, little hatchet and all; and others who were waking up to new intelligence, and most eager in their desire to read. I am sorry to omit a most interesting morning at Dr. Julia Bissell's dispensary; and the story of the hours on Mrs. Bissell's veranda, watching the stream of men, women, and children who came to her from morning till night for advice on every conceivable subject, and sympathy for all the ills that flesh is heir to, not one of whom was turned empty away. Neither can I tell of Mr. Lawson's interesting talks with high-caste men; of the lovely work among the women and girls done by Mrs. Lawson and Mrs. Hume; of the Chapin Home also in Mrs. Hume's care; and a thousand things that must be reserved for patient ears in the happy time when I am at home again.

The following from Rev. Robert A. Hume, of Ahmednagar, is another illustration of the fact that Christian nurture is an essential element in success:—

THE work, which is most thoroughly and carefully superintended, is the most satisfactory and fruitful; *e. g.*, all our large boarding schools supply a good number of additions to our churches. In 1895 I was privileged to receive fifty-two persons into churches on profession of faith; but of these, thirty-four were pupils in the Girls' School of Ahmednagar, and thirteen were boys from the Normal School, and only five were adults from the Hindu community.

A PETITION was sent in February to the President of the United States, asking him if possible to interpose for the protection of the surviving Christian women and children of Armenia and for the alleviation of their sufferings. This petition originated with the Presbyterian Woman's Board of Foreign Missions, and was signed by representatives of twelve other Woman's Boards, our own among the number, and voices the earnest conviction and desire of over five hundred thousand women.

IN Ceylon, travelers see occasionally by the wayside "rest-stones" set up, in order that weary travelers may roll their burdens from heads and shoulders and rest awhile. A convert from Hinduism once said in speaking of his burdens, "*Jesus is my rest-stone.*"

THE Woman's Board rejoices with all other friends of the American Board in the lifting of its heavy debt. It will be remembered that at the annual meeting in Brooklyn last October, D. Willis James, Esq., of New York, offered to give \$25,000 if the remaining \$90,000 could be raised before the first of March. The closing weeks of February were weeks of anxiety but of earnest work and much prayer, and when it was known that the whole amount was raised thanksgivings went up from many hearts. The debt of the Board is paid. Is the debt which as Christians we owe to the Lord Jesus Christ paid while his work in the dark lands is crippled and his workers heartbroken? "How much owest thou unto thy Lord?"

INDIA.

A GLIMPSE AT MISSION WORK IN AHMEDNAGAR.

BY MISS ABBIE B. CHILD.

WE reached Ahmednagar on the afternoon of Friday, November 22d, having driven from Sirur, thirty-six miles away, since the early morning. Mrs. Winsor had brought us in her *tonga*—a queer little vehicle like an antiquated dogcart with a top to it—half the distance to the little village of Lupe, where we were met by Mr. Lawson and taken to Ahmednagar. The way in which we are cared for and passed from hand to hand by these beloved missionaries is something always to be remembered.

Just before we arrived at Lupe we were met by a delegation of six or eight native preachers and teachers of the Parner district, who, with a native band of music, escorted us to the traveler's bungalow, where we were to take our breakfast. Imagine the procession,—the native band, most surprising in *personnel*, costumes, instruments, and music; the native workers, in clean

white clothes and turbans; a heterogeneous crowd, men most scantily provided with clothes, boys with none at all, women and girls in all sorts of apparel, and in the midst of it all three ladies, elderly and respectable, but feeling for the moment like "hallelujah lassies" of extremely humble degree. After a short but interesting time with the Parner delegation we were on our way again, and in a few hours drove into Ahmednagar,—a place for years almost as familiar by name as Boston itself.

Late in the afternoon there was a reception in the First Church, given by the Christian community. The sight that met our eyes as we entered the church is not easy to describe. The large, airy audience room, seating about five hundred, was filled to overflowing. One side—they still observe the Quaker fashion of seating—were fine-looking men and boys, some in full European dress, but most of them in the white costume of the country. The other side was filled with refined, intelligent-looking women and sweet, lovely girls in their graceful *lugadis*, while the dear little black-eyed, brown-skinned children sat in rows on the floor in the aisles. It was a sight to cheer the heart and strengthen the faith of every lover of missions. As we all joined in singing the dear familiar words, "Like a mighty army moves the Church of God," it was almost overwhelmingly delightful to feel that no unimportant part of that army is right here in India; that it is moving irresistibly, though slowly, against the heathenism that presses so closely on every side. It was good to hear Mr. Hume, in his admirable address of welcome, give details of the progress of woman's work in Ahmednagar and its districts since the first missionaries settled here, sixty-four years ago, and to listen to Mr. Modak, a leading lawyer in the city and a son of Rumkrishnapunt, the famous Brahmin convert of other days, express deep gratitude for what the missionaries and the American Board had done for his people. Not the least interesting to my prejudiced mind was the address of Mrs. Warubai Costa, or Warubai the Bible woman, as I love to think of her,—a lovely young lady with soft black eyes, light olive skin, and the sweetest of smiles. Covered from head to foot with the lovely folds of her pure white *lugadi*, she went into the pulpit, and with the ease and graceful dignity of—whom shall I say?—of the President of the Woman's Board herself, welcomed the "representative of the Christian women of America" in behalf of the Christian women in Ahmednagar. It was an ocular demonstration of what mission work can do for woman most delightful to see.

The impression of numbers gained the first afternoon continued as we saw different departments of work,—in the Sabbath school, with twenty-eight teachers and four hundred and fifty scholars; Mrs. Bissell's noon class of women, where fifty or sixty gather daily to study the Bible; the girls' board-



SARUBAI.

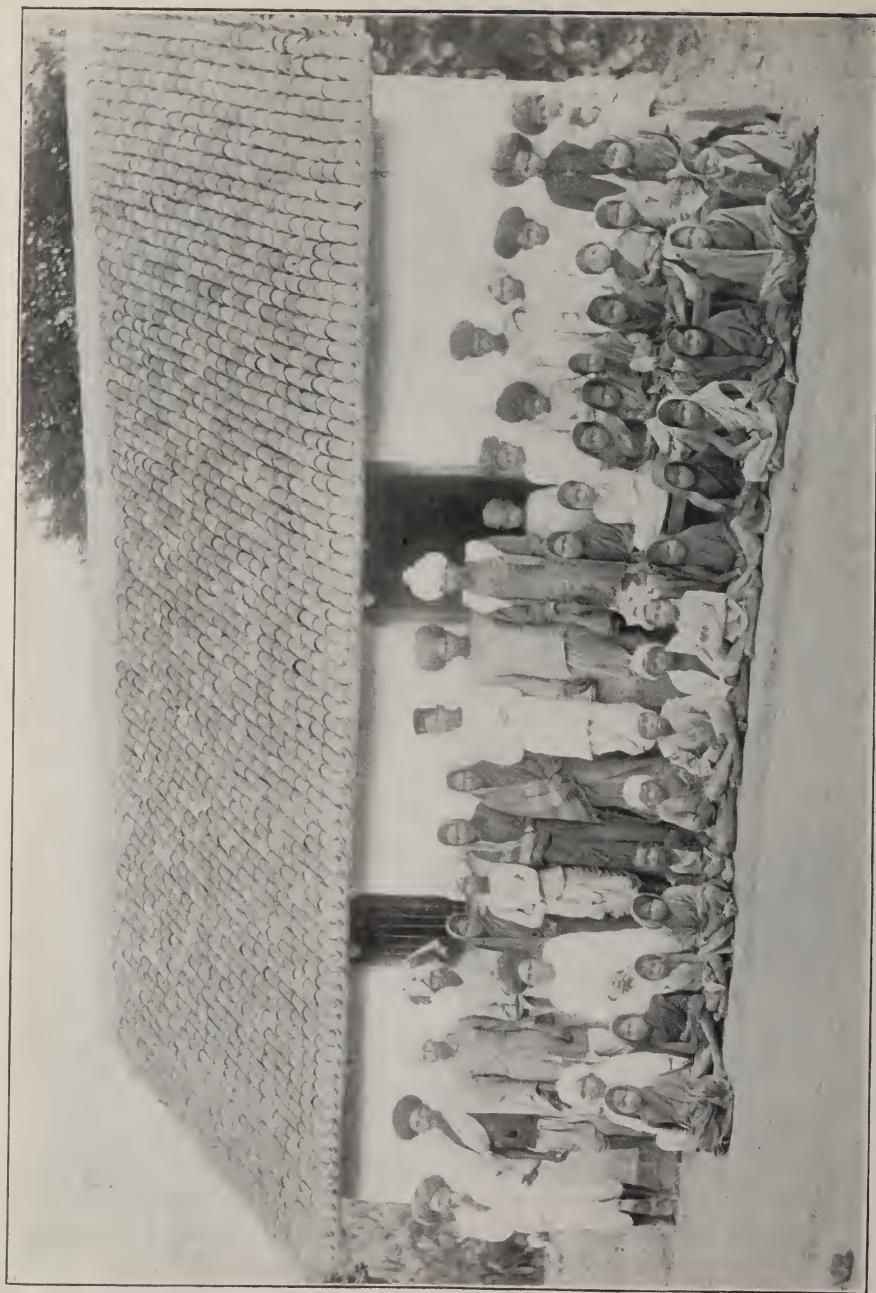
WARUBAI.

BIBLE WOMEN, AHMEDNAGAR.

ing school, with one hundred and eighty-eight pupils; the Mission High School, with its crowd of boys. Best of all it was to know that at the autumn meeting of the mission last October, when the workers were gathered from all the districts, more than a thousand communicants sat at the Lord's table.

It is not in numbers alone, however, that the work tells. We have often heard of the wonderful transformation that a Christian education makes, but believe me, friends, you can form no adequate idea of it until you have seen it. Will you try for a few moments to see it through my eyes? It must be, unfortunately, through a pen darkly,—a pen that falters at the very beginning in trying to describe it. The education begins in a village school. What picture does the term village call to mind at home? A white street, green grass, trees, flower gardens, white houses with green blinds, a schoolhouse, and one or more church spires pointing to heaven. An Indian village! Let Mr. Robert Hume take you as he did us one bright morning to a Mahar village just outside Ahmednagar. As we alight from our *tonga* we stand appalled at the sight,—a collection of mud huts thrown promiscuously together, sometimes three or four in a heap, sometimes separately, with the walls falling down, the roofs falling in, with no roof at all, with no walls at all, only some ragged thatch put across four poles; no streets, no verdure, no trees to protect from the scorching sun,—desolation indescribable! Do human beings live here? Yes. Here and there half-naked men and wholly naked boys squat in the dust. Hard-featured, haggard women are making round flat cakes of manure, to serve for fuel later, over which they will bake their bread, if they are so fortunate as to have it, or to heat their *seji*. Such poverty I never dreamed of! As we pause a little a flock of geese and ducks go waddling by, and they look so clean and comfortable, and well-to-do in comparison with their surroundings, it is refreshing to look at them.

Is there no relief in all this desolation? Yes; thank God, there is. Just over yonder is a substantial mud house with a good roof and a proper door, clean and almost white, gleaming out like sunlight in the darkness about it. It is a schoolhouse for the village children, built by the gift of Dr. F. E. Clark soon after his visit here on his tour around the world. We go inside, and find about twenty forlorn little specimens of humanity in very tattered clothes, if any, sitting on the floor along the sides of the room. As we enter they spring to their feet and shout "Salam," while all the little brown hands go up to brown foreheads after the manner of the country. The teacher is a man with a kind, intelligent face, in clean white clothes, nothing on his feet, and a great deal of turban on his head, evidently beloved by his pupils. The children repeat texts of Scripture for us in the sweet Marathi language; words big with a meaning of which they little dream now, but which will remain



SCHOOL FOR MÂNGS, MÂLIWÂDÂ, AHMEDNAGAR, INDIA.

The man wearing a white turban and standing before the open door is the teacher, Maruti.

in their memories all their lives. They say the Lord's Prayer with eyes shut very tight, and sing a Christian hymn, set to a plaintive native tune, vigorously and earnestly, if not musically. This is the Mâliwâdâ School. It is here and in other schools of a higher grade that the first step is taken toward Christian manhood and womanhood. From a similar one in the village of Shendi, that we visited later, we were told had gone twenty-five of the best workers in the Ahmednagar district.

The next step brings the most promising scholars to the station boarding-schools, from which they go to the boys' high school or the girls' boarding school in Ahmednagar, or to the school in Bombay. The girls' boarding school in Ahmednagar is photographed in LIFE AND LIGHT frontispiece, and a few words as to what we saw there will be of interest. On a bright, cool morning before breakfast, in company with Miss Nugent, we cross the street from Mrs. Bissell's bungalow, and enter the compound which holds the school and dormitories, a missionary's bungalow, the church, and some houses for theological students. Turning to the left, we see seven little brick houses—the girls' dormitories—somewhat after the cottage system, each with a medium-sized room in front, a kitchen and bathroom at the back. Each house accommodates from ten to fifteen girls, and is under the care of a matron, who is paid two rupees a month. The front room serves as parlor, dining room, sleeping room, and study, with a rope across one end for closets, a place to hang their *lugadis*. Fortunately their belongings are not very numerous; two *lugadis* and two jackets, costing \$1.25, supplies a girl's wardrobe for a year. The only furniture they have is a strip of carpeting on the mud floor for a bed, which is rolled up and put in a corner in the daytime, thus making the room a parlor. Miss Nugent asks the girls in one house to go to bed, to show us how they sleep at night; and in a few moments they are lying on the floor, some with carpeting under them, and some without, some with blankets or comforters over them, others with only their *lugadis*, all convulsed with laughter at the idea of going to bed on exhibition. The matron and one of the girls did not join the others, because if they had there would have been no room for us to stand inside; they lie so close together there is no place to step between them.

There are certainly no luxuries or superfluities here, but everything is as clean as it can be made. The matrons are anxious to take us into their kitchens to show us the bread and *soji* they have made for the girls' breakfast, and smile with pleasure when Miss Nugent, in her usual morning inspection, gives her approval. They also call our attention with pride to the half dozen tin plates and three or four cups on a shelf, all shining from

much scouring. One is particularly proud because she has seven or eight plates and half a dozen cups for her fifteen girls. We cannot help protesting that at least every girl ought to have a piece of carpeting to protect her from the damp mud floor, and a blanket or comforter over her in the sharp, cold nights, and to have something to wear at night other than the *lugadi* she has worn all day, and that there ought to be enough plates and cups for each to have one. Miss Nugent assents with all her heart, but adds, "I haven't one rupee to spend for such things—not one."

After breakfast we go over again to see the girls assembled in the pleasant schoolhouse,—one hundred and eighty-eight sweet, refined, ladylike looking girls of all ages, neat and fresh in their graceful *lugadis*, their black hair smooth and shining like satin, their bright, intelligent faces. Oh, if those who read these lines could only see them, they could not help loving every one of them at first sight! They are having prayers in the different rooms, and it is sweet to hear the familiar tunes. In one room we hear—

"Ask the Saviour to help you, . . .
He will carry you through."

And in another,

"Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To thy precious, bleeding side."

And further on one of the native lyrics. They are evidently very earnest students, from the eager little ones in the arithmetic class on the veranda to the sweet girl graduate for 1896 reciting and discussing "Barbara Frietchie." The uplift from the village school to the boarding school is a marvelous one, and the future possibilities are endless.

Let us go one step further, and visit a Christian home in the city. Both husband and wife are the children of Christian parents, and the air of comfort and refinement about the house is unmistakable. Here are carpets, tables, chairs, books and pictures, and in one corner a Mason & Hamlin organ. The wife and mother is a charming woman, with simple, easy manners that would grace any drawing room, and a fascinating smile that wins hearts wherever she goes. Her home is a center of hospitality for Christians and Hindus, and her good deeds are known through all the community. A day or two before we called upon her, Miss Stockbridge went to see her for some purpose, and found her and her servants working over a laboring man who had been stung by a scorpion,—an utter stranger brought in from the street,—and everybody said, "It is just like her." She shows her cordial hospitality by setting before us various native dishes with oranges and pomegranates, and it is certainly a sign of Christian cultivation that it seemed the natural thing for us to join in prayer before we closed our call. Such a

Christian home has an influence of untold value in a city like Ahmednagar. One must see the second and third generations of Christians to appreciate our missionary work in all its beauty.

It is extremely tantalizing to feel that space forbids even a bare allusion to other work equally inspiring in the city, but which must be left for another time. The longer we stay in India the more impressed we are with the power of our blessed gospel, with its wonderful adaptation to all sorts and conditions of men and women; with the strong and tender bond it creates among Christians everywhere, whether they have brown skins and live under the conditions peculiar to the tropics, or white skins in the midst of a high civilization; wherever they meet this bond is instantly recognized, and holds us together with a strength that can never be broken.

LETTER FROM DR. GURUBAI KARMARKAR.

BASSEIN, INDIA.

It is with deep gratitude I write this short annual letter to you, informing you of my work. Things move on slowly in this part of the world; the motto of the people is, what our forefathers have done that we must do, nothing more or less; hence women are afraid to patronize a Christian dispensary. However, a fairly good number have attended the dispensary. I am usually busy in the mornings preaching and examining patients. They enjoy the Bible stories, and sit quietly while I offer prayer. The beautiful picture books sent by the ladies of the Hartford Branch are a great amusement to children, as well as to many older patients, who are inspired with bright thoughts and cheerful ideas.

A few weeks ago a good number of my patients, in bright costumes, gathered to welcome Miss Child and her sister. It was a great event for our town to welcome and entertain, even for a day, the highly esteemed Secretary of the W. B. M.

Out of the many striking cases during the year I shall mention one or two which will illustrate the hardships of the young child-wives. When examining a girl of sixteen for some skin trouble, I noticed a large scar, which covered almost entirely the sole of her left foot. On inquiry I heard a sad tale. The girl was brought up in a happy home, but after marriage the ill-treatment she received at her husband's home often made her run away to her own sweet home. One day, finding no kind of punishment would cure the girl of this habit, the husband and his mother tied her to a pole, and mercilessly branded her foot with a hot iron. The girl managed to run

away within two days to her mother's, who carried her on her back to a hospital in Bombay. The police took up the case, and got the cruel husband sentenced to five years' rigorous imprisonment. After his release she would be afraid to go to him, for fear of losing her life. In this land of idolatry and immorality, would it be strange if this girl should fall into the crooked path? Another young girl was brought to me in a strange way. Although she was suffering from a bad fever, the mother-in-law would neither give her medicine, nor consent to her going to her parents. The girl had to eat stale food, do the grinding, and had only a mat on the damp floor upon which to lay her weary and feverish body at night. Knowing that she would accompany her younger brother-in-law to a festival, the father on that day waited on the road, and brought her at once to the dispensary. I found her quite emaciated, and marks of violence were seen on her back. Her father, a frail little man, was so agitated that he was shivering from head to foot. I had to give him some medicine to soothe his nerves. The mother-in-law made a great time,—took away her ornaments and notified a lawyer. If the friends succeed in settling this affair, the girl will return to her husband after two or three years, or he will marry another girl. It is hard for one to relate to you such tales, but I must, in order that you should know the deplorable state of women here. Christ alone can bring liberty and joy into such homes.

My former assistant being unable to help me this year, I have engaged a young girl to assist me in the dispensary. She has also a sad history. I expect a Bible woman to work with me from the first of January, '96. She is the sister of Rev. Baba Padmarijs, the Christian scholar of Western India.

Thank you all for your kind prayers, donations, letters and good wishes, and I hope you will continue the same in 1896.

TURKEY.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

As showing how the state of affairs in Turkey has affected the work of our American College for girls at Constantinople, we quote from a recent letter written by one of the teachers :—

OUR prospects were unusually good at the opening of the college year, but political unrest made considerable difference to us. We know of seven girls who did not come for that reason, and as they were all full pay, it

made a difference of a thousand dollars in our finances. Our number of day scholars has been smaller. Many Armenian families moved from Scutari, feeling safer in Pera. We feel a little anxious for next term, fearing that some, if not many, will be unable to send their daughters, as business is very dull and many well-to-do families are feeling the financial strain.

I think the danger for any trouble in Constantinople is over. The great danger was at the time the guard ships came in, and the uprising which had been planned was frustrated,—“did not become,” as the Turks say.

We have been surprised that the Bulgarians have not sent for their daughters, but, strange as it seems, not one has been recalled. Two Russian girls from Batoum were telegraphed for twice, but before they got off, other telegrams came saying they might remain. Armenian parents have felt that their girls were safer with us than in their own homes.

Our large American flag has been in a convenient place for weeks, ready to be unfurled from our flag staff at a moment's notice, either by day or night. Our grounds are better protected than any other American house in the city, and we have felt little fear of our personal safety; but the nervous strain has been great, and we have felt the responsibility of all these girls in case of mob or panic. The girls have shown great self-control, and we have seen among them how some characters were being developed and ennobled by their troubles.

Mrs. Barnum writes early in December:—

The boys' school has reopened, but the girls have no place as yet, neither have they books nor any other school materials for work.

I cannot describe to you the heaviness of heart with which we think of the scattered congregations, ruined chapels and homes, the suffering, sorrowing, tempted, persecuted people. Our only hope is in God, who is able out of the ruins to raise up for himself a purer, holier church.

It will be remembered that on the night of the massacre at Harpoot, Dr. and Mrs. Wheeler (the former a great invalid and confined to his room), found refuge in the college building. Two months later Mrs. Wheeler writes:—

The tears will come when we open the hot covers and find appetizing food (though simple). We think of the hungry thousands we cannot reach. We weep with the widows and orphans, with those who had better be dead than alive, their manhood and womanhood gone; we think of the unprotected women and girls in captivity, and a sigh comes from deep down that is more wearing than tears. We look over our desolated field, see the sanctuaries polluted, the pastors and preachers and teachers slain or scattered, and we refuse to be comforted.

Oh, brothers and sisters, we are glad our pretty home with all its comforts is gone! The broken, falling walls are more in keeping with our feelings as we think of these broken families and broken hearts. We shed no tears for our home, but we cry out to God as never before for these persecuted for the name of Christ. We claim God's promises to this same Christ, and we beg him to stretch forth his almighty hand to help. We know not how, but His wisdom is infinite and he is omnipotent.

From Miss Emily Wheeler at the same time :—

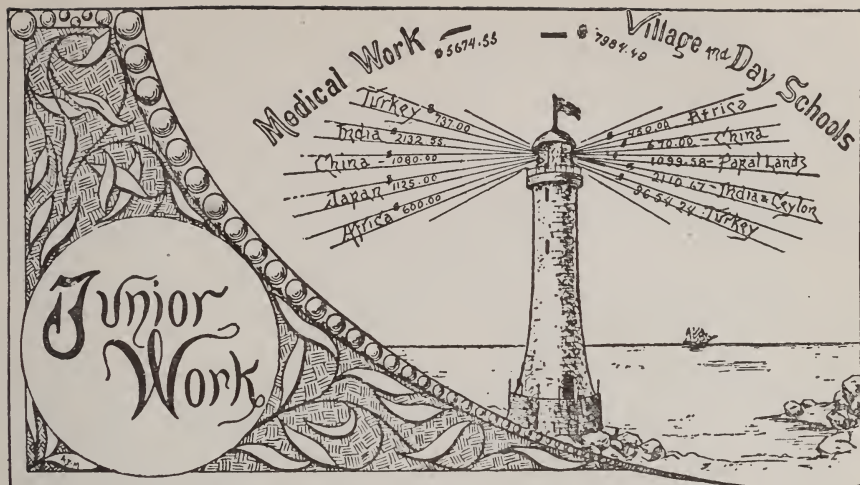
You cannot picture the woe of the people, the ruins all around us. It is too awful. Its history can never be written. As I think of our rescue and of the ruin worked, it seems as though we had suffered just nothing, and I am glad we are fellow-sufferers in some measure with those around us.

It takes a courageous soul to rise heroically to a great emergency; it means yet grander qualities to continue under the strain for weeks and months and yet hold fast to one's faith and trust. Our missionaries in Turkey are proving themselves equal not only to the sudden crisis, but to the weary waiting. The following extract is from Mrs. Reynolds, of Van :—

Only as we look up to God can we find any comfort. The expression, "faith and patience of the saints" comes often to mind. It is just what we are shut up to—faith and patience. . .

Never before have we missionaries so realized the utter rottenness of this nation as since we engaged in this relief work. Every form of dishonesty and deception is resorted to by both poor and rich, and about five times as much labor and time is demanded as would be needed were all truthful, honest, and kind. Eternal vigilance has to be everywhere exercised. . . . This people has been so long sunk in sin and ignorance that it seems almost impossible to awaken their consciences; yet of these, hundreds suffer and die rather than deny their Christianity.

One painful thing about the present situation is that some are denying their faith. The wonder is not that so many do this, but so few, when we consider the awful sufferings and death to which they are subjected. In the Bitlis outbreak nine Protestants were killed, mostly young men. To one of these it is definitely known that the offer of life was made if he would curse Christ and deny his faith. He said, "Never!" and was instantly slaughtered. After his body had been brought to the church some two days later, his mother, who is one of the best Protestant women, came to the burial, not with the vociferous weeping and wailing so common in this country, but in her quiet grief she kissed her boy and thanked God that he had been able to stand firm even unto death.



- To give light to them that sit in darkness Luke 1:77 -

INDIA.

AT THE DISPENSARY IN AHMEDNAGAR.

BY JULIA BISSELL, M.D.

As we start out to see the medical work of Ahmednagar, we must bear in mind the uncertainties of that work, and be prepared to bring our sight-seeing to an abrupt end at any time, because of some call that comes when least expected or wanted. It may be a very urgent call, and we shall all be glad, after answering it, that it was not refused. At the same time, I hope it will not come on the day when the readers of LIFE AND LIGHT attempt to see the medical work we are trying to do in this city.

Ours is not the only European Dispensary here. There is Ripon Hospital, built by the British Government, and representing many years of faithful service for the sick of Ahmednagar. It is in charge of an English surgeon, under Government appointment, who has a staff of trained native assistants. Then there is also the Parsee, Dr. Mehta, who holds the degree of Licentiate of Medicine and Surgery from the Government Medical College in Bombay, and who has for several years had an excellent little private dispensary here. He is the one who was so afraid we would not charge fees to our patients, and so might detract from his practice. However, everyone here knows that Dr. Mehta's reputation is too well established to allow his practice to suffer for such reasons as that. Besides, we do charge fees to all but the poorest of the poor, and most of the patients pay them very willingly.

A year already since we started in work here! One would think there ought to be something worth seeing by this time. You shall judge of that! This two-story building is where we stop. You see there is a noisy boys' school adjoining it on one side, and a Hindu theater just across the way, and a little lumber yard on still another side. It is not a very busy street, and for the present the location suits us very well. Now mount these four stone steps, and you are in the waiting room; called so, because the patients do not wait there for their turn to be treated, as Mark Twain would say, for they usually want to crowd right into the consulting office at once. However, we do see some of them sitting or standing around the room, waiting for their prescriptions to be filled.

Behind this railing, at the left of the door, stand our two compounders at their long table, weighing out and measuring the doses ordered. The taller one is really more than a compounder. We call him the first assistant, for he is able to prescribe for many of the ills to which our patients are heirs, and is very helpful in visiting at the homes of those who are ill, reporting their condition and progress, and, indeed, taking entire charge of some of them. The other assistant is doing his first year's work in a dispensary—and, like all of us, has much yet to learn.

The consulting office opens into the waiting room at the right. If you came here at noon, some day, you would find the room full of women of several castes, sitting in all possible positions, most of them with babies, either tied on their backs, or lying in their laps, or held on the left hip at the side. Usually, when one patient is told to step up to the table and tell her story, half a dozen or more of the others feel encouraged to do the same thing at precisely the same moment, and a volunteer chorus springs up around the table: "I've come a long distance to see you." "I've been here since eight o'clock, and my head —." "Just feel my pulse and I'll go." "Look at this child! Have you no pity for it?" "I heard of you, lady, in my native village, and my foot —." "Lady, my ear —." "Lady, just look at my eyes; they —." "Lady, you told me to come —." "Lady, here's my fee for last time; I —." And so it goes. "Really, there ought to be more system to this work!" is what you are thinking, and what I know, but how is one going to manage these people? One can't blame them for being in a hurry, for they have a notion that they should eat nothing in the morning before seeing the doctor; and so a great many of them come away from home without their breakfasts, and they often have to wait until one or two o'clock in the afternoon before they can be attended to and go home. One of our rules, which they are always ready to follow as soon as they know it, is, that they may have breakfast before coming for treatment.

Opening off from the consulting office is the private office, where surgical cases have their dressings applied, and where other special cases are taken. Here we find our operating table, a cot about eighteen inches from the floor, and with a light mattress thrown over it. Our spinal columns object to working at this "table" in the standing position, so we usually kneel around it when there is a victim under chloroform, ready for an operation. "That's no operating table," some one said; and we assented that it was neither antiseptic, nor suitable, nor convenient, but it is allowed to stand only until there is something better in its place.

Upstairs there are two nice large rooms, with numerous cupboards,—a rather rare thing in native-built houses. I expect to hear you say, as every one does, "Well! you have a good deal of *room* here, haven't you?" Yes; and the space seems to be always especially prominent, perhaps because there is very little as yet to occupy it. The cupboards are well filled with bedding and clothing for the in-patients, who are to come to us in the future. There is also one cupboard devoted to surgical dressings, and another to dishes and cooking utensils, supplied through the kindness of a friend. The beds are not here yet, but some day they will come,—just as soon as our friends in America want us to take in some of the many patients who need to come and stay in a place where they will be well cared for.

Some lives and much suffering might have been saved this past year if the sick ones could have had the proper care. It is marvelous how indifferent these people sometimes are to the sufferings of their own children and friends. When anyone is really very ill they seem to lose all heart, and make up their minds that it is of no use to make any efforts at all. The other day I begged a mother, in the strongest terms I could use, to bestir herself for her daughter, who was suffering cruelly; and that mother looked at me with an utterly unmoved face. The daughter herself told me afterwards that her mother had not offered to do a thing for her through all her long, trying illness. So, often, when I am called into one of these homes to see one who is sick, I feel how almost hopeless it is to try to do *anything* for those who live in such houses. Pools of filthy, stagnant water lie right at the door, and even in the courtyard which we find within the walls. Damp floors, air too thick to breathe with comfort, crowded rooms, insufficient clothing, dirt, and neglect,—what can a bottle of the best medicine do against such odds? Added to all this is a fact which we must remember, that to the people of India human life is far, far less precious than to us. Death comes so frequently to their homes—it is so rare a thing for one of their little ones to recover from a really long and severe fit of sickness—that they give up the struggle quickly; and when one thinks what

must be the inheritance of the majority of these little ones—a heritage of sin, squalor, want, and misery—one ceases to wonder that so many of them fall ready victims to disease.

Next to the children, the women appeal to us very strongly. Over and over again, as I have asked one and another why she went on suffering so long before trying to do something for herself, she answers: "Whom should I go to see about my trouble? Whom had we women here until you came to us?" And again when I say, "Get some one at home to help you about this," the answer comes: "Who would undertake to do so much for us at home? Who thinks of helping us there?"

They come from long distances, these women, for help. Some vague rumor has perhaps penetrated to their village home that an effort is being made for women in Ahmednagar, and they come hoping for relief. "I heard your name mentioned at home, and now I have come here to you. Do help me!"

Some of these women have needed instant surgical relief, and the only thing has been to use the knife, and send them home to come again as frequently as they may. And to as many more who need surgical aid, we have to say,—and we say it nearly every day,—"We can't help you, because we have no place to keep you until you recover from the operation." And then we think of the abundant "room" that we have upstairs, and feel sure that friends in America do not wish us to refuse help to those poor women and children much longer.

AHMEDNAGAR, Jan. 3, 1896.

SPAIN.

DAY SCHOOLS.

BY MRS. ALICE GORDON GULICK.

It is a great responsibility to care for the young, especially in such a country as Spain. Right teaching at the very beginning is a prime necessity. The government common schools are very imperfect; children are herded together in great numbers, and ever so good a teacher would find it utterly impossible to have influence over individuals. The children learn little more than to read and write, and the girls do not always even accomplish that, so much of their time is given up to sewing, the Catechism, and religious duties. The last national statistics report sixty-five per cent of illiteracy. The present generation is really better cared for, but some provinces are still in mediæval darkness as regards the instruction of the young.

Gathering the little ones into schools was early seen to be an absolute necessity. At the time of the opening of the chapel in Santander, a school was established for boys and one for girls.

SANTANDER.

This school began about eighteen years ago with two little boys, who came to me for daily lessons. We had our class in the dining room. I did not know Spanish very well at that time, and I remember how flushed I became when a gentleman visitor passed through the room just as I was opening our morning session with prayer. I thought that I hardly needed to have taken so long a course of study to prepare myself to teach two such ignorant little specimens as they proved to be. However, as time passed, more children came in, until we felt the necessity, not only of a room, but of a teacher. I wrote to the Woman's Board in Boston, and they very kindly allowed me to secure a teacher. Dña Joaquina Martinez de Castilla had just returned from Switzerland, where she had been educated by friends interested in Spain. She proved to be a faithful and earnest teacher, and the school rapidly grew under her care, so that we were obliged to find a young man who could take care of the boys, and we secured Alejandro Lopez Rodriguez.

We finally removed to San Sebastian, leaving the mission in Santander under the care of the Spanish pastor, Sr. de Tienda. Dña Joaquina went with us to San Sebastian to help in the work there.

At present the school in Santander is in a very flourishing condition. Last year there were two hundred and twenty boys and girls matriculated. Of these an average of one hundred and eighty attended the Sunday school. A Christian Endeavor Society has been formed among the older scholars, and it is very helpful in retaining their interest after they leave school. Many of them are obliged to leave in order to help support their parents, but as members of the Y. P. S. C. E. they are drawn back to the Christian influences exerted by the pastor and the teachers. Two of the graduates of the International Institute are employed as teachers of the girls.

PILBAO.

About twenty years ago a gentleman, a Freemason, was passing the church of Santa Lucia in Santander early in the morning. He saw a basket in the porch of the church, in which was an infant. No one knew how it had come there. He took the child to his home and it was sent eventually into the country to be cared for. After a few years, when she was grown, he sent her to school, but not being satisfied with the instruction she was receiving, he asked us if we would take her, and, accordingly, she came to us

about the year 1882. For seven years this gentleman and his Freemason friends paid all her expenses, knowing at the same time that she was preparing herself to be a teacher in an evangelical school. Tomasa is to-day the teacher of the girls in the day school of Bilbao. She is bright and affectionate; the expression of her face is pleasing, and she has the dark eyes usually attributed to Spanish girls. She loves the children, and they are devoted to her. Her whole soul is given up to her work, for she pathetically says, "she must make a family for herself."

Bilbao is an interesting section of the country in which to work. Although there are many Jesuits and, consequently, much opposition, there is also a growing liberal spirit and certain freedom brought about by the presence of the English, who control the great coal export trade in that part of the country. If we had the funds we would like to establish various schools in the mining district, as the people there are more free to do as they wish, and we should reach and help hundreds of children. This has been proved to be the case in the copper mines of Rio Tinto, Huelva. There seven of our graduates have been employed as teachers; in all nearly a thousand children have been under their care in that one section of the country.

PRADEJON.

There is much more freedom in a village school than in a city day-school. A family tone seems to pervade a village, so that while friendship is markedly shown, enmity may be also of high degree. The people know each other's affairs, and are quite willing to dictate to each other the right course of action on every occasion. No one can be married without the consent of the rest of the village, and they take an intimate interest in all the minor affairs of life. An evangelical school becomes, therefore, a point of contention. Some are willing to have their children go, but do not dare to send them, for fear their lives would be made miserable. Those who are brave enough to send their children are followed up day after day by a self-constituted committee of old women, called *beatas*, who nearly harass their lives out of them. It is really pitiful to learn what some of these people suffer as evangelical Christians. Persecution has not been limited to words in Pradejon, but more than once fire has been applied to the chapel and school-rooms to destroy them, but, in God's good providence, the evil designs have been frustrated.

At one time when we were there a faction, headed by the priest, went through the streets of the village in procession crying out, "Death to the Protestants! Long live the Virgin!" Some of the men carried banners on poles as large as the masts of schooners. On the tops of these were tied

bunches of coarse grass, I suppose to heighten the effect. We were in the second story of the pastor's house, peeping out behind the blinds, for the wife of the pastor was so frightened she would not dare to let us show ourselves, as she knew that this demonstration was on account of our being there. However, the liberal element of the village thought it was a shame that we should be so badly treated, as the Roman Catholic bishop, who had been there a few days before, was accorded a fine reception; so they got up a surprise party, and in the evening we were asked to go down to the ground floor, where from fifty to sixty young people were gathered to do us honor. On going down, I found that some of them had their guitars, and that the object of the visit was a dance and serenade. To my amazement a burly young farmer in his peculiar suit of clothes, a bright silk handkerchief being added on account of the festive occasion, stepped up and gallantly asked me to dance. He could hardly be made to believe that I never had danced, and probably never would dance. He turned then to one of the young ladies present and soon they were all off, whirling around the small space, with shut doors, for fear of being surprised by some of those who would not favor such proceedings. They retired after singing some of their provincial songs.

(*To be continued.*)

FOR CHILDREN'S MEETINGS.—AHMEDNAGAR, INDIA; THE
BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOLS; THE BIBLE WOMEN'S
TRAINING SCHOOL; THE VILLAGE WORK.

BY MRS. HARLAN P. BEACH.

LET the children imagine that they are really visiting India, and having finished sight-seeing in Bombay, are going on to Ahmednagar. How will they travel there? What sort of a country will they pass through? What crops will be growing? What will the weather be in May?

Whatever papers they write might be in the form of letters to friends at home. Let one child describe the homes of the missionaries,—the wide verandas shaded by vines, the trees and shrubbery to shield them from the sun and hot winds, the neatly laid out gravel walks in place of grass. Let him tell of the native church and a service there, and the boarding school with its two hundred pupils. (*Missionary Herald*, September, '95; *LIFE AND LIGHT*, August, '93.)

They may imagine that a reception is given them similar to the one given Miss Child at Bombay. (*LIFE AND LIGHT*, February, '96.)

Another child may write of a visit to a day school. (*Dayspring*, April, '91.) Another can tell of the Bible Women's Training School, showing

the pictures in LIFE AND LIGHT, January, '95, and give some stories of their work. One, of a Bible woman, through her knowledge of a few simple remedies, saving the life of a little child, whose mother was going to take it out and place it in front of the idol before it died, will interest.

Another letter can tell of a trip to neighboring villages, of the ride in the bullock cart, the bad roads, groups of men gambling under banyan trees, mud houses, narrow lanes, dogs, women, and babies. A native village school and a Christian one will make strong contrasts, the latter held, possibly, under the shade of a tamarind tree or in a "rest house," or, best of all, in a neat little building erected for the purpose. The scholars are seen coming in after caring for the cattle, perhaps before nine in the morning and after seven at night, having spent a whole day in the fields. (*Dayspring*, October, '87, and October, '88; LIFE AND LIGHT, July, '95.)

Everywhere we hear the call for new schools, better schoolrooms, more teachers. Instead, the message has gone across the ocean, Less money this year for the work than before. Are we at all to blame for this?

Our Work at Home.

INSPIRATION FOR OUR WORK.

BY MRS. MERRILL E. GATES.

EVERY artist as well as every humbler artisan works best under the influence of inspiration. The higher the inspiration and its source, the better work will he do. Our inspiration in mission labor is manifold. It comes from the thought of doing something to testify our gratitude to so transcendent a Saviour. It comes from the distinct desire and determination to forward the things dear to His heart; but the real foundation for a lasting inspiration is the belief that his kingdom is to come,—that this earth is to be the scene of his glory as really as it has been the scene of man's sin and of Christ's suffering.

The inspiration which comes from lifting our eyes from the *minutiæ* of the work which we are doing to the wide horizon and the ultimate aim, and the accomplished whole, is the lever to raise us to new diligence in the doing of these very details. As in the case of the masons and stonecutters on the great mediæval cathedrals, it is far more important for the growth of the building that each such workman should attend most minutely to the perfecting of his own little part, than that he should neglect it for the study of the

minster as a whole. The great design may safely be left to the great designers, the Michael Angelos and the Leonardos. What matters it, provided the chiselled stone finds its way to the place assigned for it, whether the insignificant artisan who graved it ever saw even a model of the mighty minster on whose walls he labors!

It matters this!

Such an eye and hand bound workman lacks entirely the inspiration and enthusiasm which would have come with a view of the finished beauty and glory of the whole design as it was projected in the immortal imagination of the great artist under whom he works.

Were we obliged to choose between one who did nothing but spend his time on the sketches and drawings of the plan, or in walking around the growing pile in admiration and did nothing else, and one who labored exhaustively at the minutest details and never saw beyond them or over them, we must choose the latter, since the work must be done anyway! But our Lord would have us see his great and world-wide design. He loves to have us extend our sympathy to his noblest thought. He asks us to behold with Dante

“the hosts

Of Christ's triumphal march and all the fruit
Harvested by the rolling of these spheres.”

He has sketched for us in broad and beautiful colors the outcome of all the work done under his mighty directing Spirit by men and women, his willing media, utterly surrendered to the objectifying of his will on the earth. Lest we be discouraged by the vastness and variety of the work, or overcome by the present confusion of stones and earth and chaos which surrounds the rising temple, and be prevented by much scaffolding from perceiving the true proportions and the sublime beauty of the whole, He has held before us for serene study and calm reception the glowing pictures of a redeemed, Christ-worshipping and Christ-governed world. “I will lay thy stones with fair colors and lay thy foundations with sapphires.” The new heavens and the new earth which I shall make shall remain. The knowledge of the Lord is to cover the earth “as the waters cover the sea.” He holds before our believing eyes the vision of a world filled with righteousness, a world in which everybody, every institution, every occupation, every tendency, is to be holy. Can we see this picture which He has painted? Can we foresee the day when millions of happy people, the world's whole population, shall love to do God's will? When every one we meet shall give us a new impulse of love to God and man; when refulgent light shall strike from spirit to spirit of those who still live in this very earth in human communities,

with social interests, yet all infused and interfused with the swift-flowing spirit of love? Do we really believe any such thing?

"Let the measure of time be spiritual, not mechanical," says Emerson. It is not so much a question of the *time* when these glorious things are to be, as it is *are* they to be at all? If they are to come, and we know from God's assurance that they are, then power flows into our hands to labor, the Spirit comes into our hearts to enable us to pray, and we do aid in the coming and success of that in which we thoroughly believe.

We expect to hear that triumphant trumpet-tone of the great Apocalyptic angel which shall sound the glorious tidings, "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ; and he shall reign forever and ever."

Like Paul in the midst of his most exacting and detailed labor,—and we are living in a time which demands the same strenuous minuteness of labor as his,—let us lift our eyes for a moment and catch sight with him in vision of a kneeling universe,—every knee bowing, every tongue confessing that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father. We are doing a part in God's great preparatory work. The contemplation of such a scene will not make us less loyal to Jesus Christ in the daily and detailed labor he puts into our hands.

There are three or four remarkable passages in the Old Testament where God is called by his title of the "*Lord of the whole earth.*" These passages seem to be connected with those future glories of the kingdom which furnish us our present inspiration. Can we help on the day of splendor when God shall be the voluntary choice of every heart; when every human being shall be a partaker in the great redemption through Jesus? We are living in wonderful days. The kingdom seems about to receive an impetus, an impulse, that shall set it far forward on its mighty, world-renewing course. When God's time comes, things move swiftly. Let us be ready, ever on the watch, for the great events, while at the same time we do every smallest thing that we can find to do to hasten the day of His appearing.

"Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life."

AMHERST, MASS.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

In the Path of Light Around the World. By Rev. Thomas H. Stacy. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago. Pp. 241. Price \$2.00.

This is an attractive volume, its subject matter profusely adorned with illustrations, and enclosed in a beautiful covering. The pictured ship on the dull blue cover, as it sails out into a wide white sea, is a symbol of the

author setting forth from San Francisco to compass the globe in his missionary journey. This volume was originally a journal, developed, at the request of friends, into the present form, and sent forth "to that people everywhere who hold the great commission of Jesus, 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.'"

From America to Japan is the first long step in this journey, and here we have glimpses of the people, the missionaries, the cities, the beautiful Inland sea—and the chrysanthemums. Thence across to China, where we linger a little with the Inland Mission, and then the author concludes, "Let no missionary go to China who is not prepared to endure hardness as a good soldier."

In India the writer visits the missions of Bengal and Orissa, established by the Free Baptist Church nearly seventy-five years ago, and he devotes about one quarter of this volume to the account of the work and people in these fields. The missions in Egypt and Palestine pass next in review.

Naturally, in a book of this class, observations upon people, customs and characteristics, mingle with descriptions of mission work. The author's style is easy and pleasing. An earnest spiritual nature breathes from the pages.

We suggest this volume as interesting for libraries of Sunday schools or Christian Endeavor Societies.

SIDELIGHTS FROM PERIODICALS.

A number of articles appear this month in regard to Southern Africa. Some of these contain many statistics and historical allusions, and thus call for close reading. All are valuable in order to a clear understanding of the situation in Africa, with which we are intimately connected through our mission work.

Cosmopolitan, March. "Empire Building in South Africa," by Albert Shaw.

Littell's Living Age, February 29th. "Johannesburg, the Golden," by E. H. S.

Fortnightly Review, February. "The Germans in South Africa," by Rev. Wm. Greswell.

Contemporary Review, March. "German Intrigues in the Transvaal," by W. R. Lawson; in the same, "The Armenian Question, Europe or Russia?" by H. F. B. Lynch.

The Missionary Review of the World for March is an especially valuable number. Dr. Judson Smith writes of "Missionary States in Turkey," Dr. J. G. Gracey upon "The Attitude of the Turkish Empire toward Christians." "The Armenian Church" is a historical sketch by Prof. Philip Volmer.

A REMINDER.

OUR missionary library is filling with new, attractive volumes, valuable for all workers and thinkers in our auxiliaries. Miss Hartshorn will be glad to send a list of books to those desiring it. Books .02 a day.

TOPICS FOR AUXILIARY MEETINGS.

June.—Madura, India. A Day with the Bible Women; a Day with the Doctor; a Day in a Missionary's Home.

July.—Jaffna, Ceylon. A Bird's-eye View of the Work; Heathen Festivals.

TOPIC FOR MAY.

Ahmednagar. The Boarding and Day Schools; the Bible Women's Training School; the Village Work.

Programme: Singing; Scripture Lesson; Prayer; General Sketch of Ahmednagar.

The Boarding School, see leaflet "Girl's Boarding School in Ahmednagar," price 3 cents (W. B. M.); LIFE AND LIGHT for August, 1893; *Missionary Herald*, September, 1895; *Mission Studies* (W. B. M. I., 53 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill., price 3 cents) for June, 1888 and June, 1895. The Bible Women's Training School, see LIFE AND LIGHT, July, 1894, January, 1895. For Bible Woman's Work in general, see LIFE AND LIGHT, April, 1886, April, 1888, December, 1888. Village School Work, see LIFE AND LIGHT for October, 1886, November, 1890, April, 1893. Interesting articles for reading: "Christ for the Women of India," LIFE AND LIGHT, January, 1891; "Woman's Work in the Marathi Mission," November, 1890.

Books on India in W. B. M. Circulating Library: "The Bishop's Conversion," "The Conversion of India," "Every Day Life in India," "In Southern India," "The Land of the Veda."

WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS.

Receipts from January 18, 1896, to February 18, 1896.

MISS ELLEN CARRUTH, Treasurer.

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332 96

Total, 332 96

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254 78

Total, 254 78

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85 94

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217 47

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North Middlesex Branch.—Mrs. Elizabeth Hunt, Treas. Harvard, Junior C. E.,

1 00

Norfolk and Pilgrim Branch.—Miss S. B. Tirrell, Treas. North Abington, Mrs. J. W. Jones, 1; Braintree, Aux., 8; Brockton, Aux., First Ch., 33; Porter and Campello, Aux., 54; Halifax, Aux., 5.20; Hingham, Aux., 8; Holbrook, Torch Bearers, 10; Milton, Aux., 2; Plymouth, Aux., 62.66; Randolph, Aux., Th. Off., 16.25; Rockland, Th. Off., 15.39, Emma W. Gleason, 12.15; Weymouth Heights, First Ch., Aux., Th. Off., 15; South Weymouth, Aux., Old South Ch., Th. Off., 1, Th. Off. at So. Weymouth (of wh. 25 from Milton, const. L. M. Mrs. E. D. Wadsworth), 382.17; Quincy, Y. P. S. C. E., 10; Marshfield Hills, Aux., 3.4,

639 22

CORRECTION.—In **LIFE AND LIGHT** for February it should read Braintree, Aux., Th. Off., 11; Brockton, Aux., 81 35.

Old Colony Branch.—Miss F. J. Runnels, Treas. New Bedford, Wide-Awake Workers, 10; Middleboro, Aux., prev. contri. const. L. M's Mrs. E. S. Hathaway, Mrs. Josina Sherman,

10 00

Shutesbury.—K., 40
Springfield Branch.—Miss H. T. Buckingham, Treas. First Ch., Aux., 21.50; West Springfield, Park St., Y. P. S. C. E., 15,

36 50

Suffolk Branch.—Miss M. B. Child, Treas. Auburndale, Y. W. Soc'y, 31.77, Miss Alice D. Adams, 25; Arlington, Y. L. Missy Soc'y, 40; Boston, Berkeley Temple, Aux., 12; Central Ch., Y. L. Aux., 11.87, Mt. Vernon Ch., Aux., 38, Old South, Aux., 15, Clara J. Clapp, const. self L. M., 25, Mrs. M. H. Day, 25, Shawmut Ch., Aux. (of wh. 75 from Mrs. H. H. Hyde, const. L. M's Mrs. Sarah A. Mackintosh, Mrs. J. S. Lamprey, Miss Fannie Welsh), 95, Y. L. M. Circle, 54.55, Union Ch., Aux., 136.53, A Friend, 20; Cambridgeport, Junior Aux., Pilgrim Ch., 20; Charlestown, First Ch., Aux., 24; Chelsea, Central Ch., Women Workers, 75; Chestnut Hill, Caroline L. Fairbanks, 5; Dorchester, Second Ch., Y. L. M. C., 50, S. S. Class, 3, Village Ch., Y. P. S. C. E., 10, Junior C. E., 5, A Friend, 3; East Somerville, Mrs. Mary C. Howard, 5; Foxboro, Aux., const. L. M. Miss Minnie J. Dow, 55; Hyde Park, Aux., 45.17, Junior C. E., 6.25; Jamaica Plain, Boylston Y. P. S. C. E., 10; Newton, Eliot Ch., Aux., const. L. M's Mrs. F. G. Barnes, Mrs. Walter Barker, Mrs. S. L. B. Spear, Miss Ruth Gay, 167; Newton Centre, Aux., 38.72, Maria Furber Soc'y, 25, Mrs. Langdon S. Ward, const. L. M. Mrs. Samuel Ward, 25; Newton Highlands, Aux., 10.71; Roxbury, Eliot Ch., Aux., Th. Off., 93.50, Walnut Ave., Aux., by Mrs. W. H. Wellington (of wh. 25 const. L. M. Miss Martha W. Haskins), 30; Somerville, Aux., Highland Ch., 10, Broadway, Aux., 95.20; South Boston, Y. L. Missy Soc'y, Phillips Ch., 15, Y. P. S. C. E., 27; Waltham, Trin. Cong'l Ch., 7.73, Y. P. S. C. E., 5, 1,396 00

Worcester Co. Branch.—Mrs. E. A. Sumner, Treas. Fitchburg, Rollstone Ch., Aux., 28; Gardner, Aux., 30; Grafton, Extra Pledge Band, 25.16; North Brookfield, Happy Workers of First Ch., 5; Spencer, Aux., 9; Upton, Aux., 10; Whittinsville, E. C. A. D. B., 18.69; Worcester, Peidmont Ch., Y. P. S. C. E., 10, Union Ch., Aux., 58.12; Ashburnham, Y. P. S. C. E. of First Ch., 1; Ware, Ruby Clark, 1,

276 97

Total, 3,095 96

LEGACY.

Walpole, Mass.—Legacy of Mrs. Mary B. Johnson, Balance,

1,287 57

RHODE ISLAND.

Rhode Island Branch.—Miss Anna T. White, Treas. Providence, Central Ch., 260, Aux., 9, Y. P. S. C. E., 47.60, Pilgrim Ch., Y. P. S. C. E., 10; Slatersville, Aux., 28; Pawtucket, Y. L. M. C., 30; Newport, Aux., 250, United Cong'l Ch., S. S., 267.96,

902 56

Total, 902 56

CONNECTICUT.

Barkhamsted.—Mrs. E. A. Alvord, 2 00
East Conn. Branch.—Miss M. I. Lockwood, Treas. Pomfret, Aux., 39; Lyme, Aux., 5; Norwich, First Ch., Light Bearers, 20, Second Ch., Aux., 17.30, S. S., 81.36, N. S. G., 5,

167 66

Hartford Branch.—Mrs. M. Bradford Scott, Treas. Bristol, Aux., 26.50; Burlington, Y. P. S. C. E., 3; Hartford, Asylum Hill Ch., Aux., 13, First Ch., Aux., 2; New Britain, South Ch., Aux., 57.35; Rockville, Aux., 55, Little Helpers M. C., 6.50; Tolland, Aux., 11; Windsor Locks, Aux., 160,

334 35

New Haven Branch.—Miss Julia Twinning, Treas. Ansonia, Aux., 17.50, H. M. B., 20, Bethel, Aux., 60.69; Bethany, S. S., 2; Black Rock, C. E. Soc'y, 5; Branford, Aux., 10.36; Bridgeport, Aux., 136.01, North Ch. Memo. C., 75, Olivet Ch., Junior C. E., 9.21; Canaan, Aux., 10; Cheshire, Aux., 63.18; Colebrook, C. E. Soc'y, 1; Deep River, Aux., 10; Essex, C. E. Soc'y, 5; Greenwich, Aux., const. L. M's Mrs. George Ray, Mrs. Daniel Peck, Miss Ella K. Peck, Miss Maria Tenney, 156; Ivoryton, Union S. S., 5.69; Kent, Aux., const. L. M's Mrs. John Rorahask, Mrs. Annette Chamberlain, 50, C. E. Soc'y, 15, S. S., 5; Monroe, Aux., 8.50; Naugatuck, Circles, 11; New Canaan, Aux., 56.50; New Hartford, C. E. Soc'y, 36.50; New Haven, Ch. of the Redeemer, Aux., 60, Y. L., 165, Davenport Ch., S. S., 70, Humphrey St. Ch., Y. L., 25, United Ch., Y. L., 65, S. S., 15, Welcome Hall S. S., 10.26, Howard Ave. Prim. S. S., 5; Norfolk, M. B., 10, Prospect, S. S., 5; Redding, W. A., 5; Salisbury, M. B., 3; Stamford, Aux., 31.89; Stratford, S. S., 50, Whatsoever B., 30; Torrington, S. S., 150; Washington, Aux., 49; Watertown, Aux., 3; Westville, Aux., 14.25, Y. L. 4.75,

1 391 79

Total, 1,895 80

NEW YORK.

New York Branch.—Mrs. Guilford Dudley, Treas.—Brooklyn, Tompkins Ave. Ch., Aux., const. L. M's Miss Kate Wood, Miss Emily S. Wood, 150, In Memoriam, 500, Mrs. T. R. D., 250, Grace, 250, Park Ch., L. M. C., 14, Lewis Ave., Earnest Workers, const. L. M. Ethel Morris, 25, and prev. contri. const. L. M. Irene Horton; Brooklyn Heights, Grace Ch., Kindergarten, 5; Deansboro, Cong'l Soc'y, 7.57; Ithaca, Y. P. S. C. E., 27.70; Moriah, A Friend, 10; Norwood, Junior C. E., 3; Java Village, Mrs. C. W. Morrill, 5; Buffalo, Mrs. W. C. Bancroft, 125, Mrs. A. B. Wilson, 26; Binghamton, First Ch., Aux., 15, Juniors, 5, Mt. Sinai Aux., 11.39; Camden, Aux., 10; New York, Bedford Park, Y. P. S. C. E., 15; Middletown, First Ch., Ladies' Benev. Assoc., 40; Poughkeepsie, Aux., const. L. M. Mrs. E. E. Deyo, 25; Lockport, First Ch., S. S., 27; Roscoe, Y. P. S. C. E., 2; Honeoye, Aux., const. L. M. Mrs. C. F. Wilbur, 40; Warsaw, Y. P. S. C. E., 15; Elmira, Park Ch., Aux., 50; Syracuse, Plymouth Ch., Aux., 7.17; Wadhams Mills, Aux., 5; West Winfield, S. S., 30.34; Franklin, Y. P. S. C. E., 1.75; Munnsville, Y. P. S. C. E., 1; Berkshire, Aux., 26.41. Less expenses, 7.60,

1,761 61

Total, 1,761 61

PHILADELPHIA BRANCH.

Miss Emma Flavell, Treas. N. J., Glen Ridge, Aux., 30.04; D. C., Washington, First Ch., Aux., 40,

70 04

Total, 70 04

MICHIGAN.

Belding.—Pearl Rosevelt,

10 00

Total, 10 00

NEBRASKA.

Lincoln.—Mary Nicholson,

5 00

Total, 5 00

CALIFORNIA.

Sutter.—A Friend,

40

Total, 40

MINNESOTA.

St. Paul.—Mrs. E. M. Deane,

2 00

Total, 2 00

CANADA.

W. B. M.,

20 00

Total, 20 00

FOREIGN LANDS.

Ceylon.—Batticotta.—Helping Hand Soc'y, 5; England.—London.—Miss S. L. Ropes, 25,

30 00

Total, 30 00

General Funds, 7,480 57
Gifts for Special Objects, 1,397 18
Variety Account, 92 28
Legacies, 1,287 57

Total, \$10,257 60



TURKEY.

YENIJÉ—A CONTRAST.

BY MRS. S. M. SCHNEIDER.

A LETTER recently received from Pastor Stepanyan, of Yenijé, an outstation of Brousa, affords a fresh illustration of the transforming power of the gospel. This place, with a population of six thousand, is only twenty-one miles from the sacred tombs of Othman and Osman, the founders of the Mohammedan religion.

While we were living in Brousa, reports came to Mr. Schneider of the utter darkness in Yenijé. Here was an opportunity. A native pastor was invited to labor there, but no one dared venture, as the only Protestant who had been a resident was mobbed and his shop burned down. Thus it came to be our privilege to go. No room could be obtained in Yenijé itself, so we resided in a village near by, and made daily visits to the place. A backward glance to a *Missionary Herald* of 1872 gives these data by Mr. Schneider: Nov. 8, 1871. "Mrs. Schneider and I have been here twelve Sabbaths. The audience on the first Lord's day was twenty, seated under a tree in the gardens. A little rivulet directly from the heights of Mt. Olympus went singing past us. After this date, the hearers increased; many came from curiosity, a few to scoff, yet, during every service, there is evidence that the truth is taking effect." Then he refers to companies of women who, while busy with their industries, seated on a log or stone, or grouped around a fountain, listened to my readings of the Bible. They were shelling nuts, picking over cotton, whirling the distaff, and sewing, and when I joined them with my work, a seat was vacated for me on a log or on the ground. The ignorance of these poor women was a grief to us. They had never, in their church, heard the Bible read in an intelligible language. They sat in a gallery, latticed off from the men, and the services were meaningless to them. Among all these hundreds of women only one could read, and she with difficulty. So it was a pleasure to have them

request me to read, and my Testament was quickly drawn from my bag. The gospel of Christ was a revelation to them. I was often told: "We understand nothing that is read in our churches. We have quarrelled, been profane, told untruths, been as bad as bad can be. There is no hope for us." They came at first out of curiosity to hear Mr. Schneider preach, and because he faced the audience when preaching and praying, their rude hilarity was uncontrolled. Their babies in their arms were pacified with carrots and turnips, but they soon jumped up, and clattered down stairs, to the relief of us all. These women worked eight months of the year in their fields. A vivid memory of excesses, previous to their fasting forty days at Lent, recurs to me,—intoxication, fighting, dancing in the open markets and streets. I had never seen so low a type of womanhood. Such neglect of aged and helpless people! I found an old, blind, and lame woman left alone all day. After climbing rickety stairs in search of sick people, I could not find them at first, because the room was so dark and they were covered with bundles of rags. It was said there was not a man, woman, or child exempt from drinking *raki*. The priests drank worst of all. Our windows were crashed in three times by bricks and a firebrand, and the glass was scattered over the floor in a thousand splinters; but the threats to burn us out were never executed.

In April, 1886, I visited the place—attended the chapel, and was comforted in seeing the blessed results of my husband's labors, as well as those of the faithful pastor and his wife. The women were seated on settees, with hymn books in their hands, earnest listeners. The children were orderly. One man came up to me after service, and said, with tears in his eyes, "I was the man that hurled the brand at your window, and sent the glass over the bed." As I was passing through an old graveyard, a young woman accosted me, and inquired, "Don't you recollect your Varteni, who attended your school? I was married to a brutal husband, who hates the truth. He carries a knife with him and threatens any Protestant who may enter our house, man or woman." She drew her primer from her girdle saying, "But I *will learn* to read!" The tears were fast falling from her eyes.

Since then a pretty new church has been built, under the superintendence of Mr. Baldwin, of Brousa. These women showed great self-sacrifice in bringing, sometimes a quarter of a mile, sand and stones to be used in the erection of the church.

The pastor wrote: "With the aid of friends we have built a church. We have a congregation of 200 to 250, a church membership of eighty, a school for boys and girls. One girl has graduated into the Brousa Boarding School. Our people from their great poverty give annually \$160."

And now shall the blight of "retrenchment" close the school, dishearten the workers, and cause a backward step to be taken toward the low morals and degradation of twenty-five years ago?

LETTER FROM MRS. M. J. BALDWIN.

MY husband and I are in the little village of Bourgas on the southern shore of the Gulf of Gemlik, which runs in from the Sea of Marmora. It is a Greek village of only eighty houses about three miles from Modania, the seaport of Brousa. All around are extensive groves of olive and mulberry trees, and vineyards stretching out in every direction. On a little hill about ten minutes' walk beyond the village is a fine clump of pine trees, which is our favorite retreat, but this morning we have come out with our rugs and writing materials to sit under the shade of two great oak trees right by a sacred spring, the water of which, according to the ideas of these superstitious Greeks, possesses wonderful healing properties. All sorts of garments and pieces are tied to the bushes near by, mostly children's things, perhaps because the little ones are ill at home; and just now a family passing by on their way to the vineyards beyond stopped to take a drink, cross themselves and say their prayers, that they might be preserved from the evil effects of eating unripe grapes! Their ideas are curious indeed.

A new church is in process of erection, and when the old one was torn down of course there was a quantity of timber and old boards good for nothing but to be burned. It was announced in the village that anyone could have it for kindling wood who would take the trouble to carry it away, but not even the poorest will touch it, thinking some evil would certainly befall anyone who should deliberately burn a part of the sacred edifice.

The other day I went to call on a mother whose baby had died after a very short attack of one of the diseases to which children are so liable in summer, and her great lament was that, because she had so many children and tried to keep them neat and clean and bring them up properly, people were constantly praising and admiring them, and so giving them the "Evil eye." She said, "this baby was pretty and so was the other that died, and now they have both gone!"

This is the first outing of the kind that we've had in these seven years since our visit to the United States, and we are especially glad to have found such a place so near, for we have been able to go home each week for our Sabbath duties and privileges. We drive home on Saturday, find our mail

and attend to whatever business has accumulated, have a quiet Sabbath in our own home and among our loved people, and on Monday start back again.

Although touring to the distant parts of our field did not seem practicable at this time, we are expecting to return to Brousa at the close of this week, and from there go to one or two near outstations and still have time for some work, housecleaning for me, and putting up some partitions in the schoolroom which Mr. Baldwin must oversee. For three years we three teachers have all heard our classes in the same room where all the children sit, and, though the room is large, this does not prevent each of us from hearing all the noise there is, and we have decided that it is not wise to bear this strain any longer. As it is, we cannot all have separate recitation rooms, but the plan is, by a glass partition, to set off Miss Marie and the younger children, though we shall still all be together for opening and closing exercises and the like. It was a part of the original arrangement, and to meet the necessary expense we shall use the balance of the funds you sent us for fitting up in the beginning.

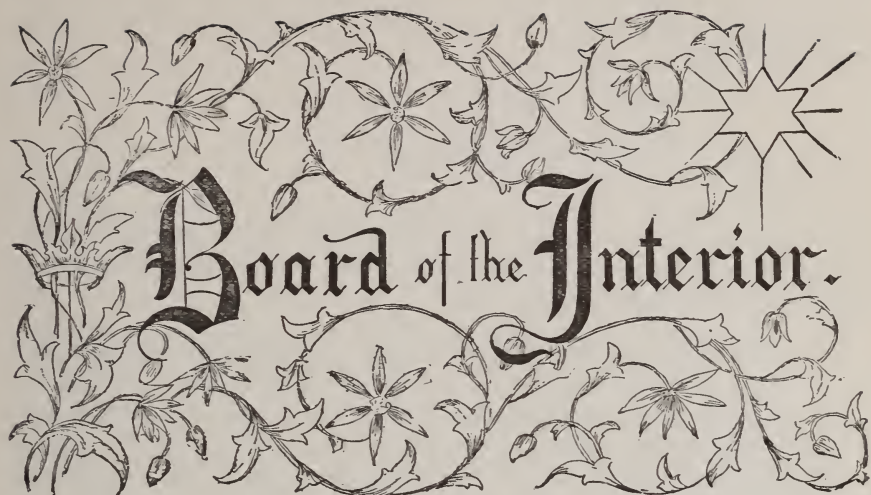
The school is no longer an experiment but a recognized power in the community. The attendance is becoming more regular from term to term, which we consider an encouraging fact, for it has been no easy task to impress upon the minds of a majority of the mothers that absence even for half a day was a hindrance to success. Now the pupils see this for themselves and it is with difficulty that they can be persuaded to remain at home for any reason excepting sickness, and if they do they quite insist that the mother herself give the excuse.

There are problems before us not easy to solve and questions constantly arising to be decided, and we need wisdom; there is hard work to be done and we have need of strength and patience; there may be trials before us of which we have not dreamed and how shall we obtain grace to bear them? Surely, only in answer to prayer. Bear us on your hearts to the throne of grace, dear sisters, is our plea, and let us feel that we are not alone.

POWER OF THE BIBLE.

IN India, when a man becomes a Christian, he often meets great opposition from his family. But we have lately heard of one case where it was not so.

There was a young Hindu who was determined, at whatever cost, to profess his faith; so he went home to tell his wife. He began with so much fear and hesitation that she was a little alarmed, and asked, "What is it?" He said he had been reading the book of the Christians, and had come to see that their own religion must be false. She said, "You don't really mean to say you are a Christian?" "Yes, that was what he was." She ran away to the little box, the one private thing that belonged to her, in which she kept her treasures, and bringing out a Bible, she said, "I too have been reading this book, and have come to the conclusion that it contains the true religion." A few days after that both husband and wife professed their faith together, and were publicly baptized in the name of Christ.—*Selected.*



EDITORIAL COMMITTEE.

Mrs. JAMES G. JOHNSON, 7 Ritchie Place, Chicago.	
Miss SARAH POLLOCK.	Mrs. W. H. RICE.
Mrs. GRAHAM TAYLOR.	Mrs. G. B. WILLCOX.
Mrs. H. M. LYMAN.	

THE influence of success is a spur to work, as may be seen in the meetings at 59 Dearborn Street, where heartfelt thankfulness over the paid debt still manifests itself, and acts as an incentive to renewed effort. What a Te Deum will rise from men and women alike when the debt of the A. B. C. F. M. is lifted! We who have found that solicitors, appointed to go among our women to obtain members for our missionary societies and subscriptions, wish that men could be found who would do the same work throughout our congregations. Meantime there is a strong effort being made by lovers of the dear old Board, and self-denying gifts, that must count up as of great value in Heaven's reckoning, are poured into the treasury. In these days of experiments and discoveries, turnings and overturnings, new methods may develop, or new combinations of methods, or fresh light may come that will operate on darkened eyes, and there will be money enough to carry on the Lord's work.

Since the above paragraph was in type word has come that the debt of the American Board is paid, and a great weight is lifted off many hearts,

while prayers of thanksgiving rise. All honor to those who have worked so hard for the accomplishment of this purpose! All honor to the man who started the movement, and to those who gave out of their riches or their poverty to the fund!

“ Whene’er a noble deed is wrought;
Whene’er is spoken a noble thought;
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.”

Let it be so high a level that we shall not sink into debt again! Our thoughts turn to our late Treasurer, Mr. Ward. Will he not know and rejoice over the payment of the debt?

It is strange that just now while the courage and ability of our missionaries in Turkey, men and women alike, are being acknowledged, many people in our own and other countries do not show appreciation of this fact by a gift to the Board that sustains these missionaries. They receive nothing, would receive nothing for their untiring labor to relieve the suffering Armenians; but with reduced salaries and cut-down appropriations, work on. Their homes are true social settlements. They are a salvation army. They have every characteristic that arouses enthusiasm in all classes, but the name missionary is a term of reproach to many. It was so once with the name Christian, and with the term Abolitionist, and later with Salvation Army.

MISS BARTON has gone to Turkey, and the enthusiasm stirred by the Red Cross follows her, as she seeks to carry relief. But meantime the missionaries are doing this work, and going where no one else would be allowed to go on such an errand. They can say with Paul, “ Approving ourselves as the ministers of God in much patience, in affliction, in necessities, in distresses, in tumults; in labors, in watchings, in fastings; by long suffering, by kindness, by love unfeigned, by the power of God, by the armor of righteousness, by honor and dishonor, by evil report and good report; as deceivers and yet true, as unknown and yet well known; as dying, and behold, we live; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, yet possessing all.”

MISS WRIGHT is at present busy in our rooms in Dearborn Street. She has recently returned from Mexico, and gives us a graphic description of progress in Christian work there. Read it, for it will interest you. Miss Howe is sometimes with us, but is kept busy speaking to numerous audiences out and in the city. She was urged by her physician to rest during

her vacation, but rest is not for her in Chicago, where all want to see her, and to hear about the Glory Kindergarten. Miss Webb comes to our Friday meetings, and tells with pride and joy, that triumphs over sadness, of her fellow-missionaries in Turkey. She and Mrs. Thom, and others whose dear friends are among our heroes, stir our thoughts up to higher levels.

THERE are more extracts from Miss Hoppin's journal in this number. Very far away they seem, now that news from most of the world flies so fast, and dates are not recent. Heroism is shown in those little islands, and on board the *Morning Star*, where the world cannot look on and applaud. The latest item of news is just told by Miss Alice Little: "A letter was forwarded to me from home, saying in it that instead of going to the Gilbert Islands this year as planned, the Channon family are coming home. Mr. Walkup will take their place at Kusaie, till help gets there."

MISS SEARLE writes from Kobe College that she is very well, but that Miss Kent is still sick, while Miss Torrey is there for the winter, giving musical training in the thorough way she is noted for. Miss Stewart, also, has recently been added to the force of teachers.

MRS. BLATCHFORD is still one of the shut-in ones. May the Lord answer our earnest prayers for her recovery.

Can anyone tell which Mrs. Judson wrote this poem? Quoted from memory.

I come from a land where a beautiful light
Is slowly creeping o'er hilltop and vale,
Where broad are the fields, and the harvest is white,
But the reapers are wasted and pale.

All wasted and worn with their wearisome toil
They pause not,—that brave little band!
Though soon their low pillows must be the strange soil
Of that distant and grave-dotted strand.

For dangers uncounted are clustering there,
The pestilence stalks uncontrolled.
Strange poisons are borne on the soft languid air
And lurk in each leaf's fragrant fold.

There the rose never blooms on fair woman's wan cheek,
But there's wonderful light in her eye;
And the smile that she wears is so loving and meek
None can doubt it comes down from the sky.

There the strong man is bowed in his youth's golden 'prime,
But he cheerily sings at his toil,
For he thinks of his sheaves, and the garnering time,—
Of the glorious Lord of the soil.

And ever they turn, that brave, wan, little band,
A long, wistful gaze on the West;
“Do they come, do they come, from that dear, distant land,
That land of the lovely and blest?

“Do they come? Do they come? O we're feeble and wan,
And we're passing like shadows away;
But the Harvest is white, and, lo! yonder the Dawn.
For laborers, for laborers, we pray.”

NOTES FROM MEXICO.

MISS PRESCOTT, of Parral, reports four new boarders in her school. That school must be economically administered, as she writes, “Ten dollars in American money will keep five girls in school one month.”

She adds, “We are making great plans for the conference. Don Florentino and Don José Guerrero are already here.”

This refers to a conference of churches and native helpers in the Parral field. About forty guests are expected and the guest bed (a cow skin thrown on the earth or tile floor without bedding) and guest fare, including meat dishes, beans, or *frijolis* cooked with cheese, lard and red peppers, *tortillas*—a sort of corn cake—*tamalís* tied neatly each in a corn husk, and various pastries and sweets, will be prepared in many an humble home; for though most of the Protestants in Parral are poor every Mexican is hospitable.

Don Florentino, the colporteur she mentions, is one who gives his whole heart and time to spreading “The Great Good News.” Mounted on his sleek pony (why should he not brush her carefully since she is often his only companion for days together?) he traverses the cliffs and chasms of Sierra Madres, selling Bibles, tracts and hymn books, often to those who have never before seen copies of them. He is not young. He did not learn to read until after he began to use spectacles, and his reading is still labored, but something about it is apt to impress those who hear him.

His heart is reaching out toward the unreached,—the Indians who purposely withdraw themselves from all access of civilization. He has lately heard of one of the half-pagan rites of a Tarimari village (the Tarimarís are the tribe that furnishes the wonderful runners who go even faster than horses and that for days together). These Indians are nominally Christians,

but retain in their worship many rites of pagan origin. One of these especially roused Florentino's zeal and pity. It was an annual feast when the whole population of a certain village near Batopilas gather and, setting up a cross (which probably replaces the idol of former generations), dance and carouse about it for three days and nights. One part of the celebration consists in hurling meat, bread, and other food at the cross and eating it as it rebounds to them in their drunken revel.

These Indians have scarcely any knowledge of the Roman Catholic church to which they belong. Once a year they are visited by a priest who administers the rites of baptism, marriage, and the Lord's supper, and, after reaping a bountiful harvest of silver, retires, leaving them as ignorant as before. Florentino longs to visit these Indians, though they generally run to their retreats in the mountains at sight of any but an Indian.

Pray for Don Florentino's safety, for he travels unarmed in a part of the country where nearly everyone carries knife or revolver, or both, and that he may keep his health and genial tact, and that he may have more and more of "the fellowship of the spirit," while he foregoes home life and spends his days on lonely roads or among strangers, and his nights as the day may decide, his bed a cow skin or the bare ground, his bedding the blanket or *serape* that covers him by day.

At El Paso, Tex., a series of meetings has just been held in the Mexican church by Señor Morales, a Mexican and pastor of a Presbyterian church in Mexico city. Mrs. A. C. Wright of El Paso says of him, "He fully justifies the title, 'The Moody of Mexico' sometimes given him. I never met anyone who seemed to draw from the Scriptures so much of spiritual truth. . . . It did not seem like a foreign tongue as he was speaking. In fact I did not think of his language at all."

Mrs. Eaton of Chihuahua writes of him, "He more perfectly fills my ideal of an evangelist, 'a holy man of God' than anyone I ever saw, either American or Mexican. There will be a large addition to our church as a consequence of these meetings. . . . I truly believe that if we were more in prayer we should see greater results. That has come to me more than anything else in these meetings—the power of prayer."

MRS. PARMELEE, for twenty-four years a missionary to Turkey, was welcomed to our Board rooms at a recent meeting. She brings one son with her to leave in this country, her daughter, who was adopted by our Board two years ago, is ill at Clifton Springs, her husband and two children are in Trebizond. Those who know a mother's heart will think with loving sym-

pathy of this wife and mother. She told of the relief work in which her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, and Miss Chambers are engaged. The consuls, English, American, French, Italian, and Austrian, with the Greek and Danish agents, are always ready to assist or to protect foreigners. Five thousand have been fed, each receiving but six cents a week. Twenty-five cents has been told us as the amount needed for each person, but here six cents was all that could be given.

WORD has just been received of the death by smallpox, February 1st, of Miss King, of Marsovan.

THE MEETING OF THE CHICAGO ASSOCIATION

Took place Thursday morning and afternoon, February 27th, in Dr. Noble's church. The impression gained from the meeting was of encouragement. In the first place, the contributions were larger than at the same time last year by two thousand dollars. The Young Ladies' Societies reported an increase of five hundred dollars over gifts of the year previous, and expect to keep up with this advance in the present year. About one third more of the Christian Endeavor Societies contributed to the work this year than last.

Another encouraging feature was the large audience of women, and its manifestation of interest. This could hardly be otherwise when reports were so well written and delivered and speakers so well chosen. Reports from the auxiliaries showed an encouraging state of things. Most of them told of progress in some line, either in attendance, contributions, interest, or in carrying out new methods of work, such as missionary reading circles. An auxiliary of one of the poorer churches reported a membership of sixteen, and an average attendance of sixteen. The societies that lagged behind seemed few; one felt surprised that any should choose to desert, or to impede the march of so well organized, enthusiastic an army. An interesting incident took place. A mother, member of one of the auxiliaries, brought her six weeks old baby to the morning meeting. It was discovered; Mrs. Willcox carried the pretty creature in her arms to the platform, and, by a unanimous vote, little "Vera" was made a life member of the Woman's Board. Addresses were made by Miss Webb of Turkey and Miss Howe of Japan. Miss Howe belongs to Chicago; her mother is an active member of the Board of Managers of the W. B. M. I. Miss Webb is spending a few weeks at the Bible Institute, where many missionaries seek refuge, inspiration, and instruction. Other speakers showed marked ability, and added to the interest of the occasion.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

Miss Eva M. Swift of Madura writes January 27, 1896 :—

WE have recently organized a fourth church in the city, and I am beginning to put aside small donations from native sources to get a Bible woman started there to aid the pastor. Our missionary meeting on the 25th was largely attended, more than one hundred and fifty present. We had Miss Child of the W. B. M. with us, and she gave a little address to the women on Christian service. The students of the Bible School, in company with older women, visited a hundred new villages in 1895, and the regular Bible women were working in fifty-nine more. I expect to send out a class of five from the school in March. I hope to have a larger class than I am sending out. Pupils taught by Bible Women's School, and students in 1895, 2,685. Villages visited, 159.

A recent letter from Miss Stanley, Tientsin, tells of her assistant, Hannah, sent to her from the school in Peking,—a help outside the school as well as in, a sympathizing helper in the week of prayer. Miss Stanley says :—

IN every way the work is most encouraging and there are more open doors than we can possibly enter. The school is in a flourishing condition and all the Fall we have had a very satisfactory little day school,—now sandwiched into the school room ; a tight squeeze, for whenever the door was opened there was danger of some youngster tumbling out. But we have managed and been good natured, which is something ! The full number is fifteen, and the teaching has been done by the older girls, who divided the day up between them. Hannah has their reviews on Saturday. The work has been good for the girls, who also take turns leading the class of our smaller girls and the outside children on Sunday. The number of boarders is twenty-three and three day pupils belonging to the regular school. The girls have been diligent in their studies and housework. In November, five of the girls were taken into the church on probation, one other and the matron were baptized. The girls take charge of our Friday afternoon meetings, and take part promptly and well. They are taking more interest in Bible reading and study, and in the evening I often see them alone or two or three together with their Bibles.

Miss Stanley also tells of a visit to a country village thirty miles away, where a helper had been for a few weeks, but more than a year ago. Some of the women had learned to read a little, and many were very attentive : but there was no one in the village to continue the work. On December first, a station class was opened by Miss Stanley in the new rooms,—twelve women from five districts. They have progressed well in reading and in

understanding and have shown much patience and helpfulness in close quarters. They also showed a desire to testify for Christ in the week of prayer. One little woman, when the leader of a meeting asked for brief words of thanksgiving, rose and said, "The heavens declare the glory of God and I want to praise him too." Miss Stanley cannot leave her work to do much touring, though she keeps up the visiting and teaching in homes around her and also looks after a reading circle of women and girls.

But a Bible woman is greatly needed, and also another woman from home to share the care and responsibility. Help is evidently coming some day from among those so carefully trained. Miss Stanley speaks of one young woman especially who is very bright, and sweet, and winsome, but alas, too young to go in and out as a Bible woman should. Help now is sorely needed. Miss Stanley's letter closes in this way: "Our union meetings have been most helpful, the numbers large, and the spirit most blessed; many earnest prayers have been offered. Pray for us. 'The morning cometh, the darkness is breaking,' everywhere are signs of great encouragement. Yours, In His Name."

Extract from a letter from Mrs. Hyde, Honolulu, February 25th:—

I THINK you would have been much interested in an entertainment given by our Woman's Board, last week, during Chinese New Year, to the Chinese women in the Chinese church. Cards of invitation were sent to the women, and we succeeded in bringing out a large number who had never been inside the church before. Music and refreshments furnished the entertainment. We hope in the near future to meet the Japanese, Portuguese, and Hawaiian women in a similar manner. It was a great gratification that we were able to welcome the Deputation to our sunny isles.

From a private letter from Miss Barrows, Kobe, February 16th:—

Our house seems very orderly and quiet and empty, since day before yesterday, when we sent Miss Talcott and Mrs. Gulick with her three children off on the China. Mrs. G. and the children have been with us since the first of January, when they expected to leave, and their going leaves a great vacancy.

Miss Dudley has been in Matsuyama for a month or more keeping Miss Harwood company and finding plenty to do. We look for her this week. At the college Miss Kent has been in her bed since Christmas and is only just beginning to sit up. It has become apparent that she cannot stay, and she herself, though the last one to recognize it, has been compelled to the same conclusion. She may go with Miss Cozad and her party the last of April. It is all *going* in these days and very little *coming*, and to add to our weak-

ness comes the word from Dr. Barton, unofficially as yet, that everything under the Board, except Turkey, is to be cut down ten per cent!

Our brethren say, "Who would not be a Woman's Boardite in these days?" We certainly are thankful that the earnest work of your good women has kept up that part of the work so that the school and our women need not be cut down; but we mourn over the evangelistic work, which still needs not only the help of the missionary, but of the money in many places. To attempt to do the work without the money is like making bricks without straw. I cannot believe the churches at home will allow such a cutting off of the work everywhere when they come to realize it.

There have been large additions to the church,—twenty in November and forty in January, if I remember rightly,—by far the larger part by letter, and both pastor and people seem to be working more earnestly than last year. Just now Mr. Osada and Mr. Ebina and Mr. Miyagawa are in Joshu holding meetings with the churches there. They report encouragement.

We shall always hold most pleasant memories of that much looked for, somewhat dreaded, most gracious Deputation.

For the Young People.

FROM MISS HOPPIN'S JOURNAL.

SUDDENLY the engine stopped! and the Morning Star received such a shock that we all sat up, wondering what had happened, what would happen next. A continual grinding was felt more than heard. Our inquiries were soon answered. We were on the rocks, the sunken reef of Namō! The captain ordered all hands to shift ballast to the stern of the ship. Sailors, scholars, teachers, helped the work on. Then they put out anchors, and all hands worked on the windlass with a will, and our dear old ship floated again!

I never shall forget how solemnly sorrowful Chinese Charley, the cook, looked when he came into the cabin to tell us that our fate would probably be to be cast without food (evidently the chief end of man in his mind) upon the shores of Namō. We tried in vain to cheer him. But when the ship was under way again, he put his head around the corner and said, "He! He! He! You plenty scare!" Jeramaia prayed, in morning prayers, such a prayer of childlike thankfulness and trust. You cannot be-

gin to realize how much the Morning Star's loss would mean to all the people. With it they connect all the good that comes into their simple lives.

BIBLE STUDY IN EBON.

We anchored before breakfast, November 7th, on Ebon. It seemed like a different island from what it was last year. Lejlarik and his sweet little wife Likinebe, have evidently done a good year's work. Lejlarik says the people gather at his house every night, except Saturday, to study the Bible. They come with questions which have come up in their study, and passages which they do not understand.

I went ashore one morning at daylight, to see if I could help Likinebe with her machine, and what a siege I had of it! First one man, then another, and another, without a minute's rest between, asking what this verse meant, and who Melchizedek's parents were, and many things more. Some asked because they wanted to know, others wanted to know if I knew.

Dr. Rife, in the service held, said that there was much in the Bible we could not perfectly understand. It was more important to live up to the clear passages than to try and search out the hidden ones. The church was very full. The schools here seem flourishing.

HOW A SCHOLAR WAS SECURED.

A very nice looking girl came to the ship, and said she wanted to go to Kusaie. Raijok and his wife said she was a good girl, but her mother was a long way off, and Libibi, for that is her name, could not leave without first seeing her.

Both Nettie and I liked the child's appearance; she seemed more desirable too, because she was grown up, and the majority of our Marshall girls are not. Then too, we had lost one girl, and would soon lose another by marriage, besides Louisa, who had been kept; and as yet, we had no new girls. It was then four P. M., and the Star was to sail the next morning at nine o'clock. I told Doctor that I was going with Libibi to see her mother, and he said he would take some boys, and go too. The Captain gave us the second mate, and one sailor, and Doctor took six boys to pull, if the wind should die out. Raijok, ever slow to move or speak, felt troubled when he saw us really started; especially when he realized that we had only Libibi as pilot. But he spoke too late. Libibi was sure she knew the way, and she did, though it looked doubtful, when she pointed out, as our destination, a place where sky and sea seemed to meet. We left the boat about seven o'clock, as it could go no farther, and started on foot. None of us will ever forget that all-night walk,—now over stones that cut our feet, and now in

soft sand that made us feel that we might be going ahead one step, and back two; sometimes, the sand would be firm and hard as a sidewalk at home, and that was a great relief. We thought an hour or two of walking would bring us to the place. Every time we asked, Libibi would reply, "Just ahead a little;" and on we would go, until we had gone so far we determined to keep on anyway. Libibi kept close to me, and Sam appointed himself my bodyguard against the native dogs, who all seem to dislike me even more than I do them. If a lagoon were really a little perfect ring of land with water in the center, such as we see in geographies, not in reality, we might have thought we had walked around the lagoon several times. Somewhere in the small hours of the night, we came upon the house, just a poor little native hut with one room. Libibi's mother proved to be quite an old woman. She seemed very pleasant and sunshiny, and as if her surroundings were not quite good enough for her. She seemed very fond indeed of her child, but gave her up very sweetly and simply. We only stayed a short time, and she would keep saying, "I must stay by Libibi, and fondle her while she stays." Soon she had her mats tied up, and we started again for our boat. But how cold we were! And how our teeth chattered! The wind was blowing hard, and the rain falling in sheets. Doctor tried to find a small boat to carry us to our boat. But the only one there was, they said, had no ballast, and they would not dare to go in so high a wind without any. And so we walked again. Libibi's mother and sister joined us, saying they would walk to the boat with us. The old mother seemed quite proud, at least honored, by our visit. All along the way she would call out, "Our friends the missionaries have come to see us, and Libibi is gone."

When we were about half way to our boat, Libibi's sister told us that between us and our destination was a crazy man, who was said to delight in trying to kill people with a large knife he carried. My bodyguard was immediately increased by one, Sam walking on one side of me and Lejekto on the other. Sam carried a large club, and his eyes seemed to stand out of his head, not with any fear, but in his eagerness to get a sight of that man, and, I thought, in hope that it might be necessary to show his devotion by using his club. It was seven o'clock A. M. when we reached our boat, wet, tired and sleepy, with shoes falling from our feet. The wind ought to have been fair and taken us quickly to the ship, but some way it came out ahead. The Star pulled up anchor and we got on board, while she was in motion, about 10 o'clock, A. M. There was nothing to do but carry Libibi's mother and sister down to the other station, some eight miles away.

THE CONTRAST BETWEEN CHRISTIANITY AND ISLAM.

BOTH these religions are of Shemitic origin, and both have led great nations wholly foreign to the Shemitic world to exchange their native religions for an earnest devotion to the one personal God of Shem.

As the apostles went forth from Judea, after the death of their Master, to found a Christendom, so it was after the death of Mohammed that the remarkable body of men, "The companions of the Prophet," issued forth from Arabia to found the wide realm of Islam. But long ere this, the parallelism gives place to contrasts.

Instead of the scene on Palm Sunday, when Jesus came a few days before his death to the city which rejected him, Mohammed returned, a short time before his death, to the Mecca which had spurned him, at the head of 114,000 of the best warriors and robbers of the world. From the day that a race, predatory by custom and descent, was summoned by Mohammed to a war upon all mankind, every distinctive feature of Islam, whether in its past or its present, is found to be based upon easily understood motives of human nature. Thus nothing could be more welcome to the heart of the natural man than Mohammed's compromise between Allah and the old human passions for combat and for bodily license. The life of the original seed in these two religions is shown by the first definite step of each in its development.

Christianity as an aggressive movement began with the day of Pentecost—that day which wholly transformed the apostles from the men which they had been, in thought, word and act, into the men who established the Church in the world. Islam dates its beginning, not from Mohammed's first preaching in his native city, but from his flight from Mecca, for that event wholly transformed him from a preacher against the old Arab religions into a man of the sword, and a man who for planning and for executing cold-blooded assassinations of individuals, or massacres of whole bodies of men, has few superiors in history except among his own followers. Moslems, indeed, cease to rob and to kill each other, as well as other people, only where Christian power compels them to keep the peace.

That religion should ally herself with human passions and inclinations was no new thing in the world, as the religions of antiquity everywhere prove. But what was reserved to Islam was to make the God of the Old and of the New Testament alike acceptable to the original bent of human nature, and especially to man's dominant passion, pride. But did Christianity offer any such allurements when her voice was first heard? If there be one term fitly descriptive of her most characteristic aspect to the world, it would be the Religion of Humiliation.—*From Dr. W. H. Thomson's Parables by the Lake.*

In Memoriam.

MARTHA A. KING.

DIED AT MARSOVAN, TURKEY, FEBRUARY 1, 1896.

MORE and more the mystery of God's wisdom settles down upon us,—it is indeed past finding out,—yet more and more the confident assurance of the love that “passeth knowledge” fills our hearts with his peace and even joy. We are glad we need not understand God's *whys*,—they would be too great for us to bear. We are glad, glad He knows,—there can be no mistake.

On the day of the massacre in Marsovan, God stayed the hand of man ready at our very gates to destroy, but before three moons had come and gone he laid his own hand upon us, and by means of one of the most unexpected and most dreadful of diseases, transferred one of our number, in the very fullness of her strength, to the company around the throne.

We had just finished our Christmas vacation, which after the trying experiences of the preceding term had been most welcome to all of us, and had brought to Miss King peculiar rest and joy. All those days she had been most free from care, and as school began Monday, January 20th, she had said, “This has been a good vacation, I feel completely rested.” That day, as treasurer of the school, she saw every girl about money arrangements before sending them to me to have their programmes arranged, and Tuesday, though not quite well, she had her lessons as usual, going to bed after school. What we at first thought an ordinary sick headache soon developed fever symptoms, and in a few days was pronounced smallpox. Then Miss Willard, her beloved friend and teacher, who had come to spend the year with her, and I went into quarantine with her. The disease was most fierce upon her; she grew steadily worse till early Thursday morning, January 30th, when she woke from a refreshing sleep saying, “I am almost well”; and truly her fever had nearly left her; but that very afternoon the “secondary fever” began, and on Saturday evening, while the missionaries gathered in the Tracy house were on their knees in prayer that if it could be the Master's will, he would give her back to us, she slipped quietly away, as she so often did in her earthly life when she wanted a quiet time, into the Saviour's very presence.

Miss King was born in Minneapolis, Minnesota, Dec. 26, 1867, and that city had always been her home. Early she became a member of Park Avenue Congregational Church, and her Christian life had been singularly simple, pure and rich. She received her preparatory and collegiate edu-

cation at Carleton College, Northfield, Minnesota, from which institution she was graduated in 1891. After teaching a primary school for a few months she became pastor's assistant to Dr. Smith Baker in her own home church. In this work, by her ready tact, her enthusiastic consecration, her wonderful gift of rising above obstacles and discouragements, her absorbing love for souls, she won a place in her pastor's heart and in the hearts of his people that can never be effaced. This work she left to become a missionary teacher in Marsovan Girls' Boarding School under the W. B. M. I.

Her father, O. B. King, one of the earliest of Minneapolis Congregationalists, and her mother, gave their daughter most freely and willingly to the work to which God had called her and which she had with fullest consecration chosen.

We sailed from Boston, Aug. 6, 1893, glad and sorry as we looked back at the homeland, but glad to be together, and only glad as we looked forward to the work to which we were going. The new girls' boarding school building had just been burned, and we left America able, in a peculiar way, only to see one step ahead. The land was infested by cholera, the people we were to work for full of misery and revolution. How we were to reach our destination, what we should find, or whether we should ever reach here at all, were questions no one could answer and which we did not care to ask. Step by step we came and only step by step we have walked through these twenty-eight glad, hard months of our missionary life; yet in the midst of plots and murder, fire and plague, massacre and fearful suffering, Miss King's courage has never failed, her glad service never wavered. Her heart had always yearned toward the touring work, the direct evangelistic service; and even before she had much working knowledge of the language, she had visited many of our outstations, winning the hearts of all with whom she came in contact, and turning their thoughts heavenward by a kind of spiritual influence, even without words.

In the school, what is there to say? It seems as if we could not do without her. In her teaching of literary branches, her work in gymnastics, her training of the girls in singing, ever leading them with her sweet, strong voice; in the King's Daughters' Society of which she was president and inspiration, in the personal work for souls—we cannot yet bear to think what it means to do without her. Yet the good Father knows, and, thankful that we have had her so long, we can only wait for his next thought for us.

FRANCES C. GAGE.

MARSOVAN, TURKEY.

WOMAN'S BOARD OF THE INTERIOR.

MRS. J. B. LEAKE, TREASURER.

RECEIPTS FROM JANUARY 10, 1896, TO FEBRUARY 10, 1896.

ILLINOIS.

BRANCH.—Miss Mary I. Beattie, of Rockford, Treas. Illinois, A Friend, 25; Canton, 7.75; Chicago, Covenant Ch., 24.17; Kenwood Ev. Ch., 96, Lake View, Cong'l Ch., 5, Leavitt St. Ch., 17.09; Lincoln Park Ch., 7.25; New England Ch., 38.70; Union Park Ch., 271.45; Decatur, First Ch., 5; Elgin, 6; Galesburg, Central Ch., 50.25; Hinsdale, 300; Jacksonville, 34.65; Peoria, Plymouth Ch., 4.62; Polo, Ind., Pres. Ch., 4; Ridgeland, 12.50; Rockford, First Ch., 10.20.	919 63
JUNIOR: Chicago, Kenwood Ev. Ch., 18.37; Porter Memorial Ch., 12.25; Warren Ave. Ch., 9; Galesburg, Central Ch., 20; Illini, 10.20.	69 82
Y. P. M. S.: Chicago, Lake View, Ch. of the Redeemer,	5 00
JUVENILE: Chicago, Lake View, Ch. of the Redeemer, Coral Workers, 10; Evans-ton, First Ch., Light Bearers, 10; Griggs-ville, of wh. 65 cts. is given by Primary Dept. of S. S., 5.65; Plano, 5,	21 65
C. E.: Aurora, New England Ch., 10; Buda, 15; Chicago, Covenant Ch., 5; Englewood, Pilgrim Ch., 10; Ravens-wood, First Ch., 20; Galesburg, Central Ch., 40; Plainfield, 7; Quincy, First Union Ch., 10,	117 00
JUNIOR C. E.: Pecatonica,	1 00
THE KING'S DAUGHTERS: La Grange, 3.75; Rogers Park, Covenant Circle, 10,	13 75
Total,	1,147 85

IOWA.

BRANCH.—Mrs. C. E. Rew, of Grinnell, Treas. Algona, 2.50; Cedar Rapids, First Ch., 3.05; Chester Center, 1; Cres-ton, 6.50; Davenport, Edwards Ch., 8.50; Des Moines, Plymouth Ch., 7.50; Fair-field, 85 cts.; Grinnell, 21.80; Magnolia, 3.50; McGregor, 7.60; McIntire, Mrs. D. W. Kimball, 5; Ogden, 4.50; Red Oak, Miss M. L. Clark, 5; Sioux City, May-flower Ch., 5; South Ottumwa, 5; Tabor, 7.25,	109 55
C. E.: Central City, 4; East Sumner, 4.16; Emmetsburg, 1; Grinnell, 3; Montour, 6; Rowen, 1.15; Tabor, 20.64,	39 95
JUVENILE: Cedar Rapids, Willing Work-ers,	1 50
JUNIOR C. E.: Anita, 2.14; Manchester, 3.50; Peterson, 2.65; South Ottumwa, 4; Tabor, 5.25,	17 54
SUNDAY SCHOOL: Grinnell,	8 71
Total,	177 25

KANSAS.

BRANCH.—Mrs. W. A. Coats, of Topeka, Treas. Douglass, 2; Emporia, 10; Sen-eca, 5.42; St. Mary's, 1.45; Western Park, A Friend, 5,	23 87
C. E.: Kansas City, 4.35; Sabetha, 5; Smith Center, 6.59,	15 94

SUNDAY SCHOOL: Lawrence, Plymouth Ch., Primary S. S.,	2 30
Total,	42 11

MICHIGAN.

BRANCH.—Mrs. Robert Campbell, of Ann Arbor, Treas.—Almont, 5; Allendale, 5; Detroit, First Ch., 127.23; Greenville, 4.20; Grand Rapids, Plymouth Ch., 1.70; Galesburg, 6; Jackson, 70.20, Mrs. F. E. Marsh, 30; Kalamazoo, of wh. 25 to const. L. M. Mrs. Henry Beckwith, 38.93; Reed City, 10.82; St. Johns, 9; Stanton, 26.22; Sandstone, 7.40; Webster, 5,	446 70
Michigan.—The Lord's Funds,	125 00
JUNIOR: Cooper, 7.50; Stanton, 15,	22 50
C. E.: Almont, 5; Detroit, First Ch., 20; Edmore, 5; Inlay City, A Friend, 1; Nevins Lake, 1; Port Huron, 6; Reed City, 65 cts.; Traverse City, 23.50; Grand Junction, 3,	65 15
JUVENILE: Detroit, First Ch., Children's Missionary Army, 20, Woodward Ave. Ch., King's Cup Bearers, 5,	25 00
JUVENILE C. E.: Allegan,	1 00
SUNDAY SCHOOL: Jackson, First Ch., Birthday Boxes,	20 00
THANK OFFERING: Jackson,	35 00
Total,	740 35

MINNESOTA.

BRANCH.—Mrs. J. F. Jackson, 139 E. Uni-versity Ave., St. Paul, Treas. Ash Creek, 1.60; Duluth, Pilgrim Ch., 21.65, Morley Ch., 5; Edgerton, 1.85; Ellsworth, 4.50; Fairmont, 10.85; Fergus Falls, Helen T. Buckley, 5; Frazer, 1.50; Free-born, 1.40; Garvin, 1.25; Granada, 1.65; Kanarauzi, 1.50; Lamberton, 2.75; Mar-shall, 13.15; Medford, 3; Minneapolis, First Ch., 15.03, Forest Heights Ch., 1.61, Fremont Ave. Ch., 10, Plymouth Ch., Friend, 15; New Ulm, 1.75; Northfield, 12.65; Owatonna, 25; St. Charles, 5; St. Cloud, 25; St. Paul, Atlantic Ch., 10, Two Cent Band, 10, Olivet Ch., 4.06, Pacific Ch., 4.65, Park Ch., 25; Sherburne, 2.85; Sleepy Eye, 3.50; Springfield, 40 cts.; Walnut Grove, 1; Waterville, 5; Worth-ington, 28.35; Zumbrota, 9.40,	291 90
JUNIOR: Northfield,	6 20
C. E.: Benson, 6.25; Lake Belt, 2.10; Man-kato, 1.25; Minneapolis, Park Ave. Ch., 11.50, Union Ch., 3; St. Paul, South Park Ch., 1.91; Rochester, 4,	30 01
INTERMEDIATE C. E.: Minneapolis, Park Ave. Ch.,	3 75
JUNIOR C. E.: Minneapolis, Forest Heights Ch., 2; Zumbrota, 9,	11 00
SUNDAY SCHOOLS: Minneapolis, Park Ave. Ch., Senior Dept., 25, Vine Ch., Birthday Box, 3.32; Round Prairie, 3.29; St. Paul, Atlantic Ch., 11.45; Villard, 1,	44 06
THANK OFFERINGS: Duluth, Pilgrim Ch., ANX., Laura Warner Memorial, to const. Winifred Warner L. M., 32.12, Jun. C.	

E., 8.50; Minneapolis, Park Ave. Ch., Aux., 14.75; St. Paul, Plymouth Ch., Aux., 12.42,	67 79
SPECIAL: St. Paul, Olivet Ch., for Miss Gage, Marsovan, Turkey,	5 00
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Less expenses,	459 71
	55 45
Total,	<hr/> 404 26

MISSOURI.

BRANCH.—Mrs. C. M. Adams, 4427 Morgan St., St. Louis, Treas. Aurora, 1.30; De Soto, 5; Hannibal, 2.30; Kansas City, Clyde Ch., 11.10; St. Joseph, Tabernacle Ch., 12.50; St. Louis, Compton Hill Ch., 10, Central Ch., 14.80, Redeemer Ch., 1, Memorial Ch., 5,	63 50
JUNIOR: St. Louis, First Ch.,	8 75
JUVENILE: Kansas City, Clyde Ch., Cheerful Givers,	8 03
C. E.: Springfield, First Ch., 3.50; St. Louis, Central Ch., 10,	13 50
JUNIOR C. E.: St. Joseph, Tabernacle Ch.,	2 14
SUNDAY SCHOOLS: St. Joseph, Infant Class, 2.10; St. Louis, First Ch., 7.50,	9 60
THANK OFFERINGS: Aurora, 3.20; Kansas City, Clyde Ch., 48 cts.,	3 68
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Total,	<hr/> 109 20

NORTH DAKOTA.

BRANCH.—Mrs. C. H. Phillips, of Jamestown, Treas. Oberon,	10 00
C. E.: Carrington,	2 50
JUVENILE: Cummings, Christian Soldiers,	6 25
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Total,	<hr/> 18 75

OHIO.

BRANCH.—Mrs. Geo. H. Ely, of Elyria, Treas. Akron, First Ch., 20; Andover, 10; Bellevue, 6; Berea, 8.75; Cleveland, Pilgrim Ch., 25, Plymouth Ch., 17; Coolville, 12.35; Huntsburg, 4.85; Linden-ville, 5; Medina, 10; Oberlin, 135, Mrs. Dorsett, 25; Ravenna, of wh. 25 to const. Mrs. B. F. Ashley L. M., 47.60; St. Mary's, 12; Springfield, First Ch., 10.30; Toledo, Washington St. Ch., 14.65,	363 50
JUNIOR: Jefferson, Covenant Circle,	2 75
C. E.: Cleveland, Archwood Ave. Ch., 6.56; Hudson, 5; Lodi, 1.63; North Amherst, 4.75; Williamsfield, 5,	22 94
JUVENILE: Elyria, Little Helpers,	15 00
JUNIOR C. E.: Cleveland, Euclid Ave., Ch., 60 cts.; North Amherst, 2,	2 60
SUNDAY SCHOOLS: Cincinnati, Walnut Hills Ch., 12.50; Toledo, Plymouth Ch., 5.10,	17 60
THANK OFFERING: Windham,	15 85
SPECIALS.—Oberlin College, Y. W. C. A., for Armenian Sufferers,	11 76
Toledo.—First Ch., for Miss Lawrence personally,	3 00
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Less expenses,	455 00
	14 00
Total,	<hr/> 441 00

SOUTH DAKOTA.

BRANCH.—Mrs. W. R. Kingsbury, of Sioux Falls, Treas. Buffalo Gap, 2.55; Howard, 1.10; Santee Agency, Pilgrim Ch., 16,	19 65
JUVENILE: Buffalo Gap,	60
	<hr/>
Total,	<hr/> 20 25

WISCONSIN.

BRANCH.—Mrs. R. Coburn, of Whitewater, Treas. Beloit, First Ch., 11.40; Burlington, 10; Bristol and Paris, 25; Eau Claire, 25; Kenosha, Mrs. Jessie Petrie, 25; Milwaukee, Grand Ave. Ch., 50, Plymouth Ch., 50; Union Grove, 15; Wauwatosa, 11; Whitewater, 37.26,	259 66
JUNIOR: Platteville, 10; Sturgeon Bay, C. E., 1.15; Sparta, C. E., 5.14; Wauwatosa, 12; Waupun, 5,	33 29
JUVENILE: Fond du Lac, Jun. C. E., 5; Milwaukee, Grand Ave. Ch., Jun. C. E. and M. B., 8; Ripon, S. S., 14.25; Stoughton, Jun. C. E., 3; Waupun, S. S., 10,	40 25
	<hr/>
Less expenses,	333 20
	16 66
Total,	<hr/> 316 54

LIFE MEMBERS: Bristol and Paris, Aux., Mrs. Anna Fowler; Kenosha, by Mrs. Jessie Petrie, Miss Ruth Margaret Petrie; Milwaukee, Grand Ave. Ch., Aux., Mrs. G. W. Garrett; Whitewater, Aux., Mrs. B. V. Barrett; Eau Claire, Aux., Mrs. F. C. Allen.

ALABAMA.

Talladega.—Little Helpers,	18 00
	<hr/>
Total,	<hr/> 18 00

JAPAN.

Kyoto.—H., to const. Miss Mary Whitelaw L. M.,	25 00
	<hr/>
Total,	<hr/> 25 00

NEW YORK.

Ithaca.—Misses Day and Buchanan,	1 00
	<hr/>
Total,	<hr/> 1 00

WASHINGTON.

Ellensburg.—A Friend,	50
	<hr/>
Total,	<hr/> 50

MISCELLANEOUS.

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Dividend from permanent investment, 32; sale of leaflets, 12.25; boxes, 4.95; envelopes, 82 cts.; annual reports, 1.15,	51 17
Receipts for month,	3,522 08
Previously acknowledged,	6,721 09
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Total since Oct. 21, 1895,	\$10,243 17
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